ACES HIGH

NO. 1
APRIL

10¢

Introducing a
"NEW DIRECTION" IN MAGAZINES...

AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!

GEORGE EVANS

This magazine, ACES HIGH, is the fourth of E.C.'s "New Direction" publications. It is a magazine that you, the readers, requested . . . yes, even demanded. The popularity of the World War I airplane yarns that had appeared from time to time in "Two-Fisted Tales" and "Frontline Combat", along with the hundreds upon hundreds of letters we've received requesting more of the same, convinced us that a book devoted exclusively to Air Stories would be well received by our many fans.

In "Aces High", we will fly once more in the fabric and wood craft that opened the door to modern aerial warfare. But we will see the difference between then and now, when it was the man at the controls who was the fighter, not the machine. We will ride beside World War I aces, both fictional and non-fictional, who climbed into the clouds each day to do battle under a code of ethics and a sense of fair play and combat chivalry that has long disappeared from the skies. We will scream earthward in flaming Fokkers, Spads, Albatrosses and De Havilands. We will dogfight with Sopwith Camels and Niuports. And, most important of all, we will learn to know and love and respect the men, both Allied and Enemy, who flew them. And we will do it all in the cherished tradition of E.C.

When our old "New Trend" magazines first appeared on the newsstands throughout the country back in late '49 and early '50, their popularity was immediately acclaimed. Sales zoomed. We at E.C. had struck at the hearts of the Comic reading public. But the question was: How? Success is a strange phenomenon. There is no formula. What is a fad today is passé tomorrow. What had E.C. done to merit the marvelous support you, our readers, gave us and continued to give us?

The answer, to our way of thinking, was that we respected you, our public! We respected your tastes, your judgment, your standards, and, above all, your intelligence. We tried something new in comics. We used only the best art work available. We used the clearest lettering. And, most important, we wrote what we felt were stories worthy of being read. We plotted carefully. We developed the "Caption-Balloon" method of narration. And, because we ourselves had always liked it, we tried, wherever possible, to include a "surprise" or "snap" ending to each story.

The end products were magazines that entertained you. We know you liked them because you bought them, month after month, year after year, continually giving E.C. the highest percentage sales in Independent Distribution.

Even as time went on, and the subject matter of some of our old "New Trend" magazines became a topic of debate, criticism, and censure, the quality-standards we had set in the beginning were diligently adhered to.

Now, many of our old "New Trend" magazines are dead, voluntarily buried by William Gaines, their publisher, in response to public opinion.

But it was not the standards of entertainment we'd set in those magazines that were buried . . . merely the subject matter! The tradition of giving you the very best art work and the very best stories humanly possible will be continued in our "New Direction" magazines.

And so, in "Aces High" you will find that tradition. We hope you will receive our efforts as you have in the past.

As is also a tradition at E.C., we, the Editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in future issues will be *your* space . . . *your* letter page in "Aces High". Write us and tell us what you think. Perhaps some of you might want World War *II* air stories of B-17's, Liberators, Thunderbolts, Superforts, and the men who flew *them!* You are our guide. Compliment, criticize, suggest! We want, as always, to please you! We'll print all of your letters that we can in "Prop Wash" in our third issue. Thanks for listening.

The Editors

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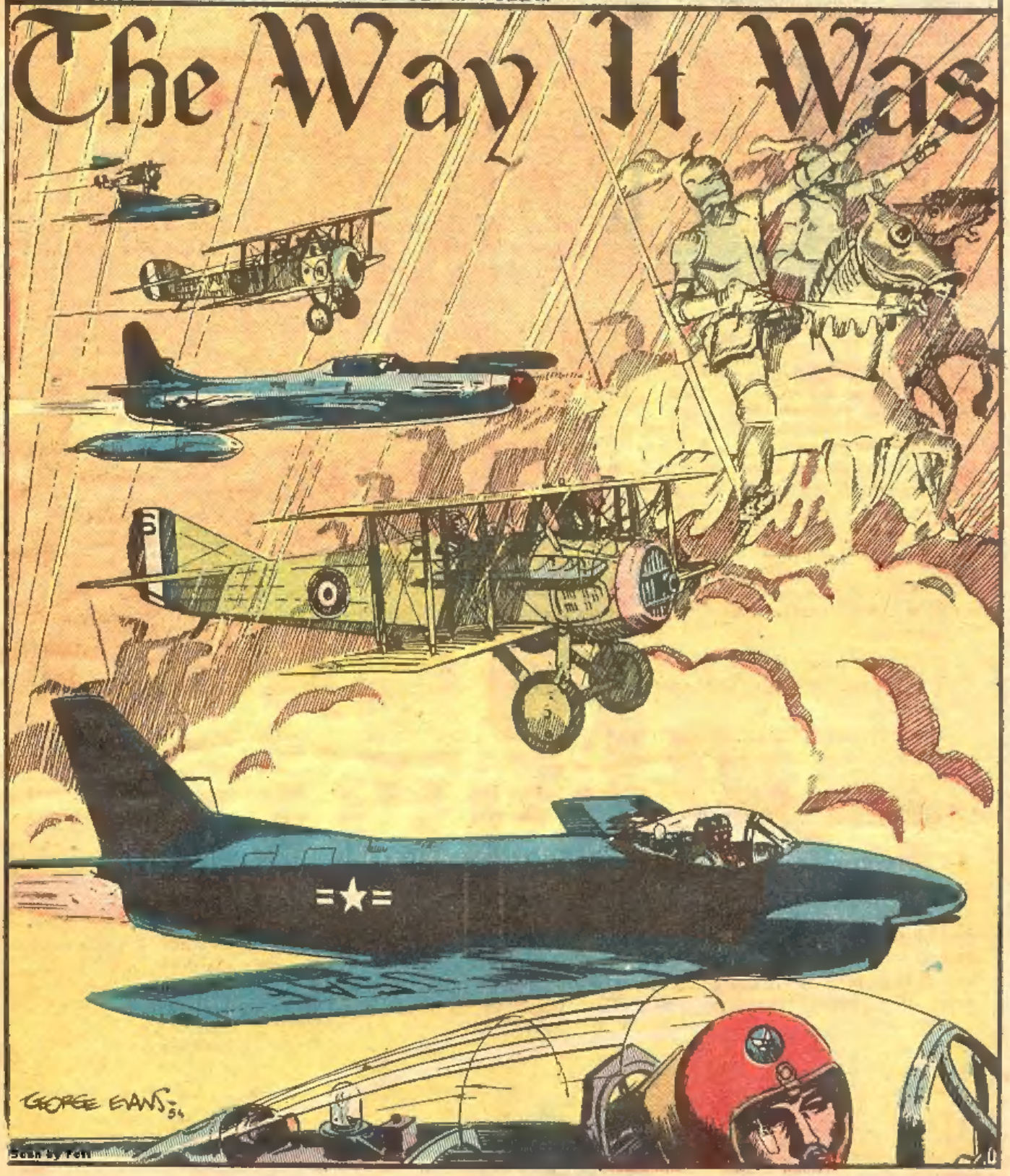
New York City 12, N. Y.

ACES HIGH, Mar.-Apr., 1955—Volume 1, Number 1, Published Bi-Monthly by L.L. Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor; Albert B. Feldstein, Editor; Marie Severin, Color Editor. Application as second-class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscription: 8 issues for $1 in the U. S. Elsewhere $1.25. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

TODAY, IT IS DIFFICULT TO *BELIEVE* THAT *MODERN JET FIGHTER PLANES*, WITH THEIR *SUPERSONIC SPEEDS* AND *AWESOME FIREPOWER*, HAVE *EVOLVED* FROM THE *FLIMSY AIRCRAFT OF WORLD WAR I*... WHEN *135 MILES PER HOUR* WAS CONSIDERED *BLINDING SPEED*, AND A PLANE MOUNTING *TWO MACHINE GUNS* WAS REGARDED AS ALMOST *IMPREGNABLE*. YET *THE SPAD* OF YESTERYEAR WAS THE *FATHER* OF THE *SABRE JET*. *THE SOPWITH CAMEL*, *MOTHER* TO THE *SHOOTING STAR*. THEIR *WOOD* AND *FABRIC* HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH *METAL* AND *PLASTIC*... THEIR *DRONING GASOLINE ENGINES* WITH *EAR-SPLITTING TURBINES*... THEIR *CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS* WITH *SCREAMING ROCKETS* AND *ROARING CANNON*. THERE'S BEEN *PROGRESS, YES... DEVELOPMENT... CHANGE!* BUT SOMETHING *ELSE* HAS CHANGED ALONG WITH THEIR ENGINEERING. SOMETHING IS *GONE... LOST*. PERHAPS IT IS AN *ELEMENT* IN THE MEN THAT *FLEW* THEM. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WELL TO *LOOK BACK*... TO *REMEMBER*... TO *SEE*...

The Way It Was

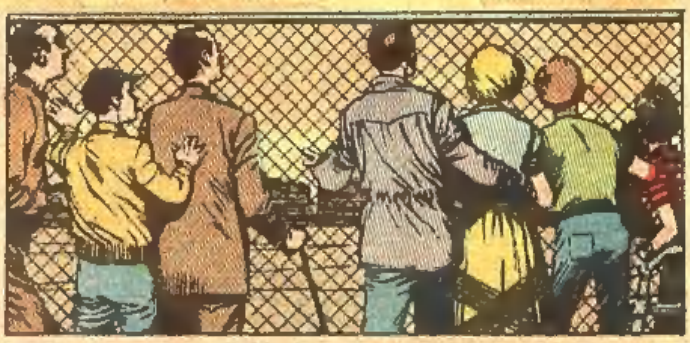


THE SCENE IS A MODERN AIRFORCE BASE. AN OLD MAN STANDS WITH A YOUNG BOY...LOOKING UP...LISTENING TO THE SCREAMING ROAR OF A JET COMING OUT OF THE WEST...THUNDERING OVERHEAD...HOWLING OFF INTO THE SUNRISE LIKE SOME METAL MONSTER...

LOOK, GRAMPS! HERE IT COMES...

...AND THERE IT GOES! GOLLY... WHAT SPEED!

HMMPH!



IN MERE SECONDS OF FLASHING SPEED AND EAR-SPLITTING NOISE, THE JET VANISHES. ONLY THE ECHO OF ITS BANSHEE SHRIEK LINGERS TO HAUNT THE ONLOOKERS WITH ITS LIGHTNING COMING AND GOING...

DID YOU SEE HIM, GRAMPS? DID YOU?

YES, I SAW HIM, SON! THEY'RE GOING TOO FAR, I TELL YOU! THEY'RE LOSING THE HUMAN TOUCH! THE MACHINE DOESN'T SERVE MAN ANYMORE! TODAY, IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND! IT WAS A LOT DIFFERENT WHEN I WAS A FLIER!

NO CAMERAS

OH, GRAMPS, YOU PROMISED YOU'D TELL ME WHAT IT WAS LIKE THEN! YOU PROMISED...!

DID I? I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY CARED ANYMORE. WELL, LET'S GO FIND US A BENCH AND SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT FLYING AND FIGHTING IN MY DAY...DURING WORLD WAR I!

AND SO, THE FASCINATED BOY SITS BESIDE HIS GRANDFATHER AS THE GREY OLD MAN WEAVES A VERBAL PICTURE OF AN ERA WHICH HAS PASSED FOREVER...OF A TIME WHEN AVIATORS WERE LIKE GALLANT KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT UNDER A CHIVALRIC CODE...

"WHEN WORLD WAR I STARTED OVER FORTY YEARS AGO, AIRPLANES WERE A CURIOSITY AND USED ONLY FOR OBSERVATION. THEY CARRIED NO ARMAMENT AT ALL, FOR IT WAS FEARED THAT THE RECOIL OF A WEAPON MIGHT AFFECT THE PLANE'S FLIGHT. ENEMIES FLEW CLOSE TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT ANY DANGER..."

OUR PLANES WEREN'T MUCH, COMPARED TO THOSE THEY FLY TODAY! FEW WERE FASTER THAN 100 MILES AN HOUR... AND A FLIGHT OF FIFTY MILES DISTANCE WAS A BIG OPERATION...

COME A BIT CLOSER, JERRY, AND I'LL PUNCH YOUR RUDDY NOSE!

ANGLISCHER SCHWEIN!

"BUT ONE DAY, *TWO UNKNOWN ENGLISHMEN*, WATCHING A GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANE OVER THEIR AERODROME, HAD A *SUDDEN INSPIRATION*..."

THAT CHEEKY BOCHE GETS UNDER MY *SKIN!* I'D SURE LIKE TO *KNOCK HIM DOWN!*

TONI. I'VE AN *IDEA!* IF HIS *PROPELLOR* WERE DAMAGED, HE'D DROP LIKE A *ROCK!*

ROCK! THAT'S *IT*, FREDDIE! LOOK, IT WE COULD GET *CLOSE ENOUGH* TO THROW A *ROCK* IN HIS PROP...

BY JOVE, OF COURSE! THERE IS A JOLLY COLLECTION OF *COBBLESTONES* IN THE VILLAGE. LET'S GIVE JERRY A *REAL SURPRISE* NEXT TIME HE COMES OVER...

"AND SO, WHEN THE GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANE RETURNED ON ITS NEXT PATROL, *A ROCK-THROWING* ENGLISHMAN OPENED THE DOOR TO A *NEW ERA* IN MILITARY AVIATION..."

I GOT HIM, TONY! *I GOT HIM!*

HE'S GOING DOWN! YOU'RE A *WIZARD*, FREDDIE... AN *ABSOLUTE WIZARD!*

HREEEEEEEYOWW

"FROM THAT *CRUDE START*, AIR COMBAT DEVELOPED INTO AN *EXACTING SCIENCE*. SOON, EVERY PLANE WENT UP *ARMED*... AT FIRST WITH *RIFLES, CARBINES, SHOTGUNS*, EVEN *PISTOLS*... THEN *MACHINE GUNS*, SYNCHRONIZED TO FIRE *THROUGH THE PROPELLORS*..."

BRDDDDT! A-BRDDDDT!

"PLANES WERE DESIGNED *ESPECIALLY FOR FIGHTING*, AND *SWIFT SINGLE-SEATERS* HAD BEEN DEVELOPED BY 1916... *THE SPAD, THE NIEUPORT, THE F.E.'S, THE DE HAVILAND*, AND *THE SOPWITH CAMEL* BY THE *ALLIES*... THE *ALBATROSS* AND THE *FOKKER* BY THE *GERMANS*..."

RACKARACKA

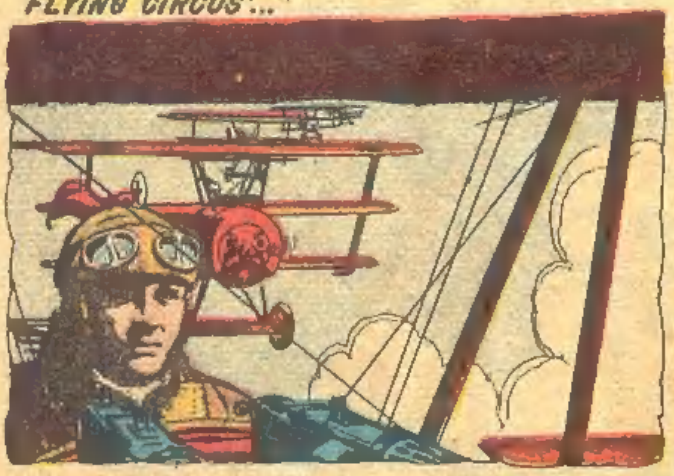
"AIR COMBAT WAS STILL AN *INDIVIDUAL MATTER* THEN, FOR *GROUP TACTICS* HAD *NOT YET BEEN DEVISED*. PILOTS FOUGHT *VALIANTLY* AND *HARD*, WITH *GREAT RESPECT* FOR EACH OTHER..."

SO LONG, JERRY! YOU PUT UP A *GOOD SHOW!*

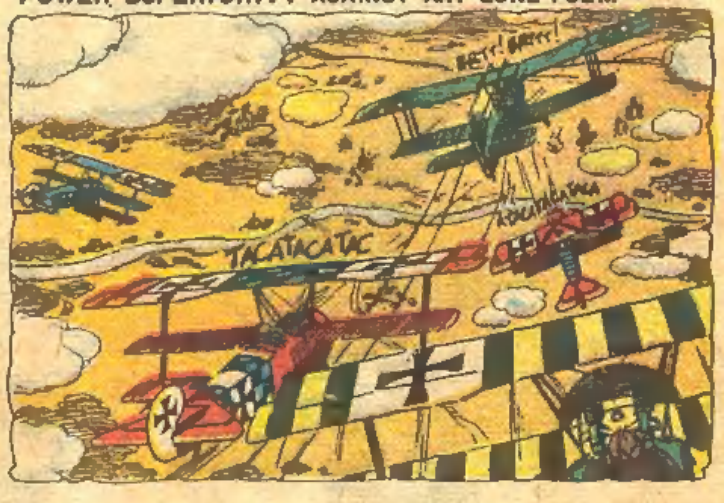
"IN MID-1915, THE GERMANS STARTED AN *OFFENSIVE*, AND IT SEEMED THAT THEY WERE *IRRESISTABLE*. LONG CONVOYS OF FORWARD MOVING SUPPLY VEHICLES AND TROOPS CLOGGED THE MUDDY ROADWAYS..."

"THE *DESPERATE SITUATION* CALLED FOR *DESPERATE MEASURES*...AND, FOR THE *FIRST TIME*, *FIGHTER PLANES* WERE USED AGAINST *GROUND TROOPS*, STRAFING THE CONVOYS, SLOWING DOWN AND AT LAST *HALTING* THE GERMAN SURGE..."

"BY 1917, THE GREATEST OF ALL GERMAN ACES, *BARON MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN*, HAD PERFECTED *GROUP MANEUVERS*. HIS SQUADRON WAS KNOWN, FEARED, HATED, AND ADMIRED AS '*THE FLYING CIRCUS*'..."



"THESE HIGHLY-SKILLED AVIATORS DID NOT ATTACK A TARGET *SINGLE-HANDED*, BUT IN *GROUPS* OF *TWO* OR *THREE*...SOMETIMES *MORE*...THUS ENSURING *FIRE-POWER SUPERIORITY* AGAINST ANY LONE FOE..."



"OF COURSE, THE ALLIES IMMEDIATELY ADOPTED *SIMILAR* TACTICS, AND DOG FIGHTS INVOLVING *LARGE GROUPS* OF PLANES...SOMETIMES NUMBERING AS MANY AS *THIRTY* OR *FORTY*...TOOK PLACE HIGH OVER THE ENTRENCHED GROUND TROOPS..."

THESE MASS DOG FIGHTS FREQUENTLY BROUGHT THE GROUND FIGHTING, IN THE SECTOR OVER WHICH THEY WERE HELD, TO A *HALT*. *TOMMIES* AND *POILUS* AND *JERRIES* CRAWLED OUT OF THEIR MUDDY TRENCHES AND DANK DUGOUTS TO WATCH THE KNIGHTS OF THE SKY DO BATTLE...

"ALTHOUGH *MASS FLIGHTS* BECAME THE ORDER OF THE DAY, *INDIVIDUAL COMBAT* WAS *STILL* AT A HIGH LEVEL, AND *CHALLENGES* TO *SPECIFIC ENEMY PILOTS* WERE OFTEN ISSUED..."

INTELLIGENCE SAYS THE JERRY ACE, *VON KRASSIN*, IS AT POISSON

REALLY... HE'S GOT *TWELVE PLANES* TO HIS CREDIT. I THINK I'D LIKE TO *TAKE HIM!* I'LL DROP HIM A *CHALLENGE!*

"CHALLENGES WERE ISSUED IN *MANY* WAYS, BUT THE MOST *COMMON* WAS FOR THE CHALLENGER TO FLY OVER THE ENEMY AERODROME AND DROP A *CAVALRY BOOT* INTO WHICH INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE AIR DUEL HAD BEEN PLACED..."

"*EVERY CHALLENGE* WAS, OF COURSE, *EAGERLY RECEIVED*..."

EMIL! HE DROPPED A *CHALLENGE! THAT BOOT!*

PERHAPS IT IS *MY TURN! HURRY! GET IT!*

JA! IT *IS* FOR ME! HE WILL BE OVER HILL 609 AT DAWN! IF I *ACCEPT*, I AM TO SEND UP A *RED FLARE AT ONCE!* *JOSEF! GET THE FLARE GUN!*

GOOD! VON KRASSIN *ACCEPTS!*

"AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, THE DUELISTS MET AND *SALUTED* EACH OTHER SMARTLY, AS BEFITTED HONORABLE FIGHTING MEN..."

GOOD LUCK, HERR BARON LIEUTENANT VON KRASSIN!

THE *FORTUNES* OF *WAR* TO *YOU*, MAJOR TRAVERS!

"AND THEN, THE AMENITIES OVER, THE ANTAGONISTS PLUNGED INTO COMBAT... EACH STRIVING FOR THE KILL... WITH THE *WHOLE SKY* AS THEIR *FIELD OF HONOR*..."

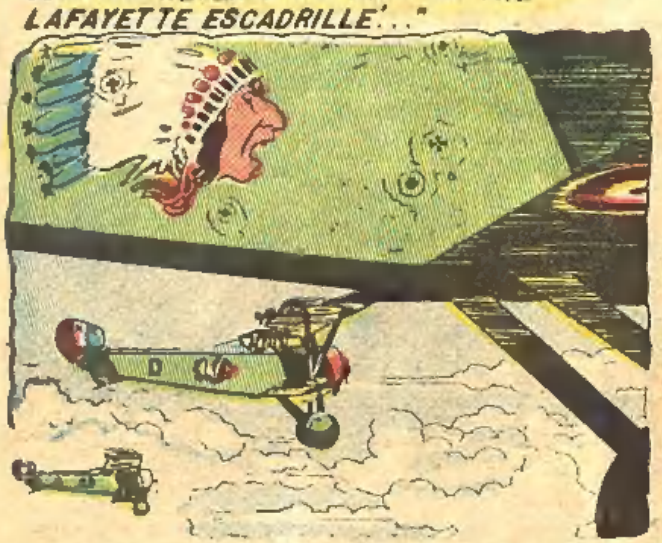
VRRRROOOOWWW...

RACKARACKARACK

"*MOST OFTEN*, ONE OR THE OTHER FLIER WAS *KILLED*. BUT SOMETIMES A PLANE WAS *DISABLED*... *FORCED DOWN*...AND ITS PILOT *CAPTURED*. THEN, IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR THE VICTOR TO *DINE* HIS ERSTWHILE FOE *BEFORE* HE WAS TAKEN TO A *PRISON CAMP*..."

"ACES ON BOTH SIDES WORE *DISTINCTIVE CLOTHING*, BORE *SPECIAL INSIGNIAS* ON THEIR PLANES, OR HAD THEIR CRAFT PAINTED A *SPECTACULAR COLOR* SO THEY WOULD BE *RECOGNIZED* BY THE ENEMY..."

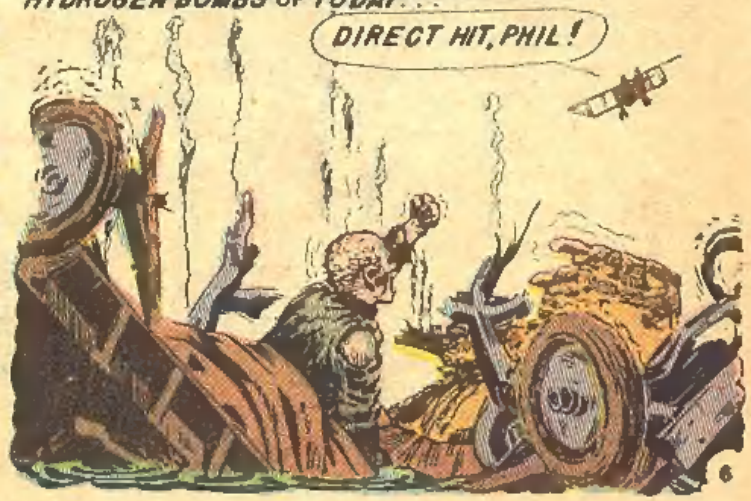
"THERE WERE MANY FAMOUS *SQUADRONS* AND *GROUPS* IN WORLD WAR I, BUT THE ONE WHOSE GLORY HAS *NEVER* GROWN DIM IS THE '*THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE*'..."



"FORMED BY AMERICANS LIVING IN FRANCE, THESE GALLANT FLIERS MADE THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE A *SYNONYM* FOR *VALOR*. *EVERY MEMBER* WAS *DECORATED* BY THE *FRENCH GOVERNMENT*...FOR *BRAVERY IN ACTION*..."

"WORLD WAR I ALSO SAW THE *FIRST AERIAL BOMBINGS* OF FORTIFIED POSITIONS. THIS NOW-PRECISE TECHNIQUE HAD *CRUDE BEGINNINGS*..."

"HAND-DROPPED OVER THE SIDE, THIS WAS A *FAR CRY* FROM THE ACCURATE BOMBING TACTICS IN USE NOW...JUST AS THE *BOMBS* WERE A FAR CRY FROM THE *BLOCK-BUSTERS* OF *WORLD WAR II* OR THE *ATOMIC AND HYDROGEN BOMBS* OF *TODAY*..."



"BUT, *DESPITE* THE CRUDITIES OF WORLD WAR I AIRCRAFT, THE GERMANS DEVELOPED GIANT BOMBERS.. GOTHAS AND FRIEDRICHSHAFENS... WHICH PENETRATED SCREENS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND BARRAGE BALLOONS AND ACTUALLY *BOMBED LONDON...*"

PUM BRUM BOM RATATA BUM BOM BOM TAKATAKATAK

"YES, THAT WAS A *GLORIOUS TIME*... A TIME OF *EXCITEMENT* AND *COURAGE*... OF *CHIVALRY* AND *HONOR*... WHEN THE AVIATOR IN THE COCKPIT WAS THE *MASTER* OF HIS *MACHINE* AND HIS *FATE*, AND TRULY WAS *A KNIGHT OF THE SKY...*"

GOSH, GRAMPS! THINGS SURE WERE *DIFFERENT* IN *YOUR WAR!*

WAR IS *ALWAYS THE SAME*, MY BOY. IT BRINGS *DEATH* AND *DESTRUCTION* AND *MISERY* NO MATTER *WHERE*, *WHEN*, OR *HOW* IT IS FOUGHT.

LOOK, GRAMPS! *MORE JETS!* THAT'S WHAT *I* WANT TO BE WHEN *I GROW UP*... A *JET PILOT!*

NOTHING EVER REALLY *CHANGES*, YOU KNOW! IN *MY* DAY, EVERY BOY DREAMED OF FLYING A *SPAD* OR A *SOPWITH!*

THEY DREAMED OF IT BECAUSE THEY HEARD *STORIES*... STORIES OF THE *PILOTS* THAT *FLEW* THEM... OF THE *ACES* THAT PAINTED *BLACK IRON CROSSES* ON THE FUSILAGES BELOW THEIR COCKPITS AND WENT INTO THE SKIES EACH DAY TO FACE *DEATH* IN *DEFEAT*, OR *GLORY* IN *VICTORY...*

GEE! I'D LIKE TO HEAR SOME OF THOSE STORIES, GRAMPS!

THE OLD MAN SMILES AND PATS THE YOUNG BOY'S HEAD...

YOU *WOULD*, EH? WELL... *TELL YOU WHAT!* WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING AT THOSE *GLEAMING METAL MARVELS OF AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING* AND LISTENING TO THEIR *EAR-SPLITTING JET-THUNDER*... I'LL TELL YOU OF *FABRIC* AND *WOOD PLANES* AND... *THE WAY IT WAS!*

THE STORK WITH TALONS

Early in 1915, an ex-infantryman named Charles Nungesser reported for duty at a French Air Base on the Western Front. He had tired of grubby trench warfare and volunteered for the air force. This was his first assignment. He wore his powder blue uniform nattily, and his kepi was tilted at a cocky angle. However, Charles Nungesser looked like anything but the popular conception of a dashing airman. Only five feet six inches tall, he made up for his lack of height by his aggressiveness.

Although he had not yet been in combat, Nungesser had wangled himself a place in the renowned "Stork Squadron" made up of the best fliers in the French Air Corps. A boastful fellow, Nungesser earned the respect of his comrades, for he was one braggart who backed up his words with deeds. He soon showed that he was a "Stork" with the talons of an eagle.

He declared that his first time up in combat he would get a German. He did. A Fokker out of von Richthofen's squadron. This was quite a feat for a rookie. But rookie or not, Nungesser thought of himself as an ace and not being bashful, acted like one. He ordered his Nieuport painted red, white and blue and had the squadron artist emblazon a personal device on the side of the ship. This insignia was four lighted candles against a black background, underneath, a grinning skull and crossbones completed the shield. When asked to explain the heraldic significance of the candles, and the skull and cross bones, Nungesser replied that it had none at all. He hoped that it looked interesting enough to lure a German within range and that was its sole purpose.

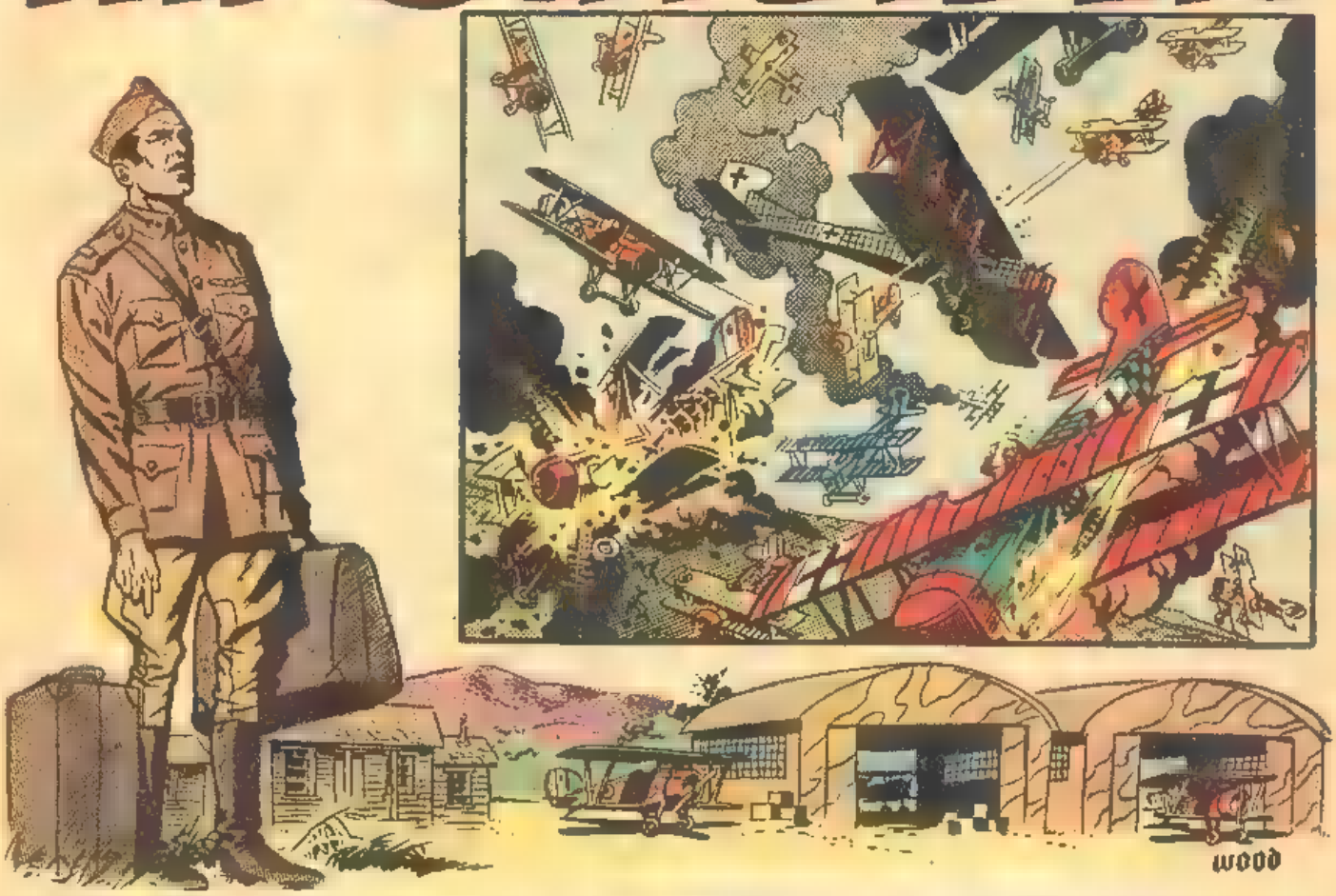
A daring flier, Nungesser was also an inventive one. He rigged up a rear vision mirror in the cockpit of his single seater so that he could observe to the rear without turning his head. Many other fliers soon adopted this idea.

The Frenchman specialized in two phases of combat flying—unorthodox maneuver and deadly marksmanship. It is said that he brought down a plane with less shots than any other flier, Allied or German. His record of 45 ships is evidence of his accuracy Nungesser's biggest bag came in 1917. He was trapped by a flight of six Germans —three Fokkers and three LVG's. His wild acrobatics caused two of the Germans to collide. His twin Vickers took care of the other four. Six enemy craft in a day was a pretty good score, but this incredible man was quite unhappy. He complained that the collision had robbed him of the opportunity to take care of two more foemen, since he much preferred shooting them down.

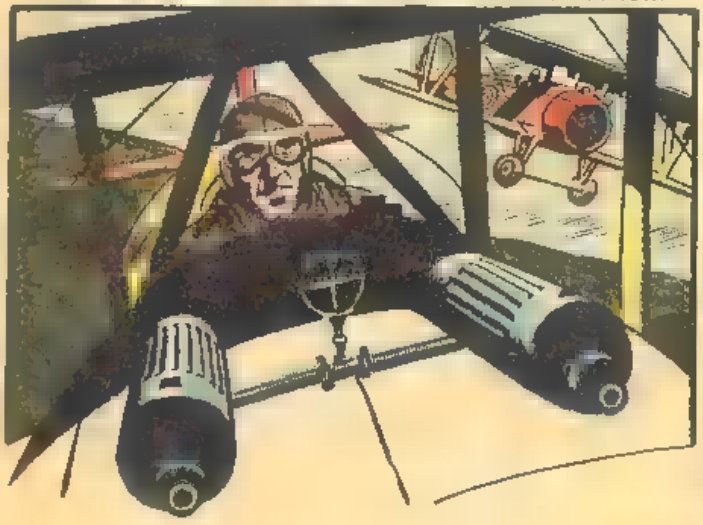
Nungesser stayed in aviation and went to his death as a pilot should, at the controls of his ship. With a companion, he attempted the first east-west crossing of the Atlantic. Somewhere over the ocean his plane plunged into the water and disappeared. The stork's wings had been clipped, at last.

YOU'RE LIEUTENANT TOM POMEROY. YOU'VE JUST JOINED THE 37TH "BLUE BLAZES" AERO SQUADRON. YOU'VE HAD ELEVEN HOURS OF SOLO AND YOU'RE EAGER FOR ACTION. YOU SEARCH THE EASTERN HORIZON IMPATIENTLY. YOUR NEW COMRADES ARE AWAY ON A MISSION. THEY'RE NOT AWARE THAT YOU'RE STANDING ON THE GRASSY PLAIN CALLED *BAR SUR SEINE*, WAITING RESTLESSLY FOR THEIR RETURN. THEIR SNARLING NIEUPORTS ARE BUSY WITH A FLIGHT OF FOKKER-ESCORTED GOTHA BOMBERS FIFTEEN MILES AWAY. AT THIS MOMENT, TOM POMEROY, YOU ARE VERY MUCH...

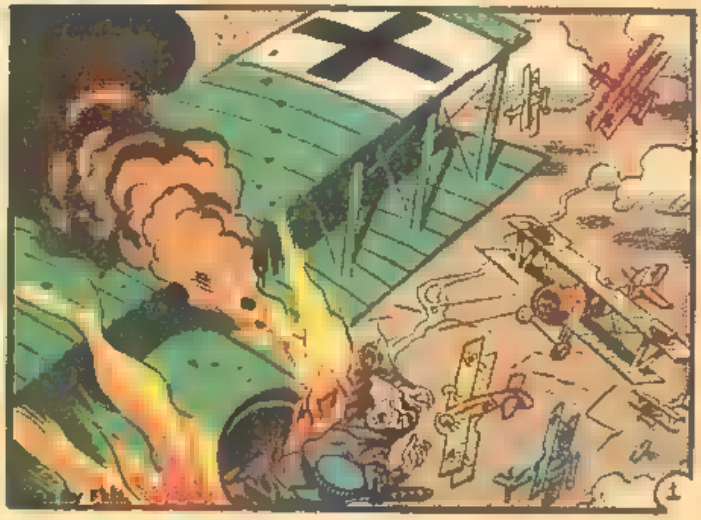
THE OUTSIDER



AT THAT MOMENT, AS YOU STAND AND LISTEN FOR THE DISTANT DRONE OF PLANES, YOUR SQUADRON LEADER, MAJOR HANK CONNERS, IS LINING UP A GOTHA FUEL TANK IN THE CROSS-LINE SIGHTS OF HIS VICKERS GUNS...



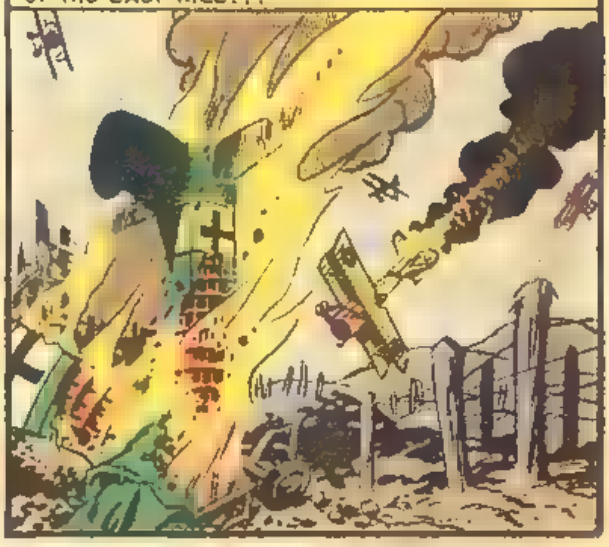
TWIN STREAMS OF FLAME FINGER OUT AND JAB AT THE SHUDDERING BOCHE BOMBER. DEATH BILLOWS BLACKLY FROM ITS FUSELAGE. THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR ITS SCREAMING CREW...



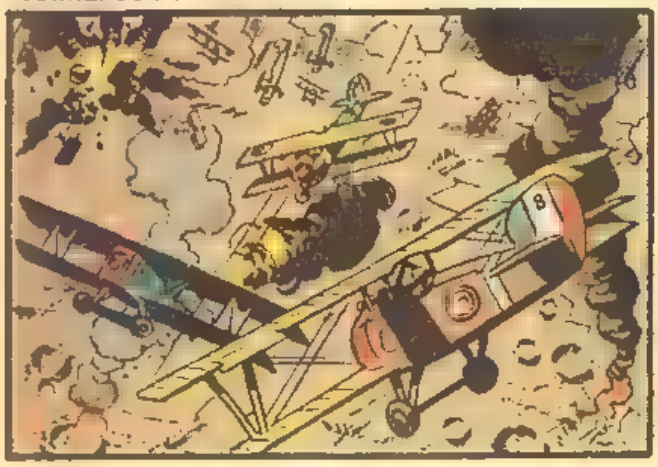
NOR IS THERE ESCAPE FOR MAJOR CONNERS... AS A FOKKER SUDDENLY ALIGHTS ON HIS TAIL . . .

A HAIL OF LEAD FROM ITS SPANDAUS SINGS ALONG HIS NIEUPORT'S FUSELAGE, POCK-MARKING FABRIC... FINALLY FINDING FLESH. . .

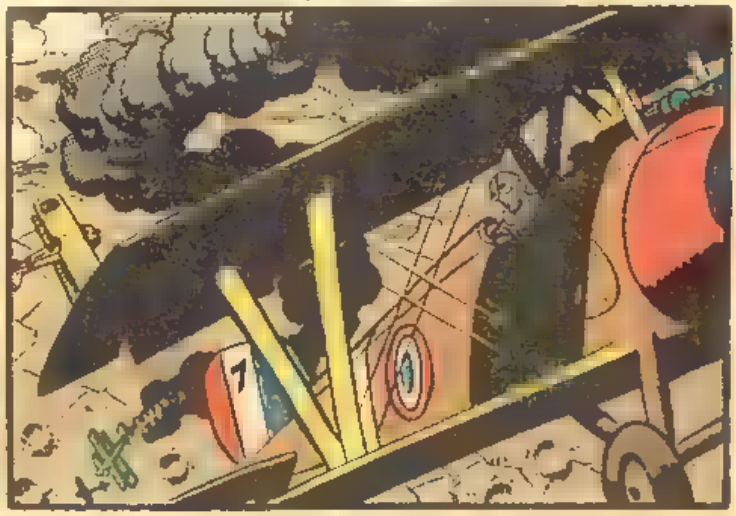
THE STRUTS OF YOUR SQUADRON COMMANDER'S PLANE SHRIEK ■ DISMAY AS HIS PERFORATED NIEUPORT FOLLOWS DOWN THE FLAMING PYRE OF HIS LAST KILL. . .



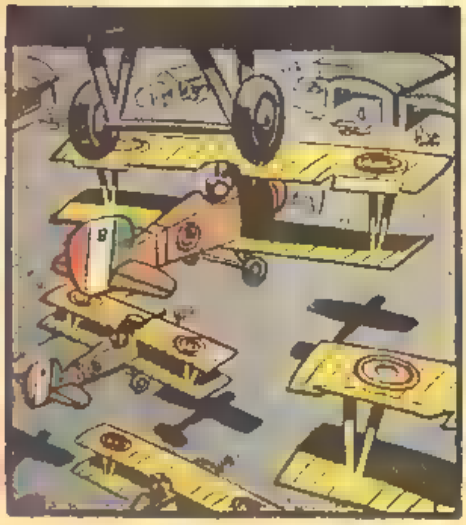
THERE IS NO ELATION... NO GLOW IN THE HEARTS OF LT. REGAN AND LT. BURTON AS THEY CONVERGE ON THE RED FOKKER, PUMPING FLAMING TRACERS INTO THE SCREAMING PRUSSIAN WHO HAS JUST DOWNED CONNERS. . .



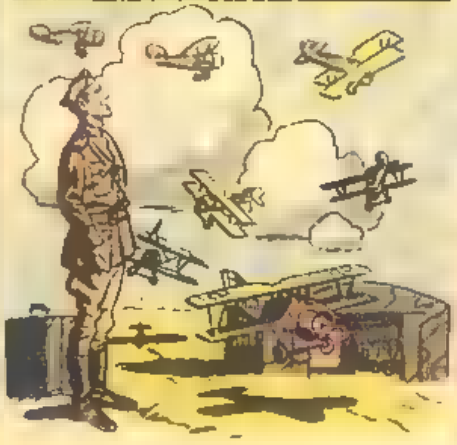
THE MUDDY GRAVEYARD OF GERMAN PLANES FAR BELOW BRINGS NO SMILE TO THEIR LIPS AS THEIR LATEST ADDITION TO IT TORCHES IN, LIKE A FIERY COMET. . .



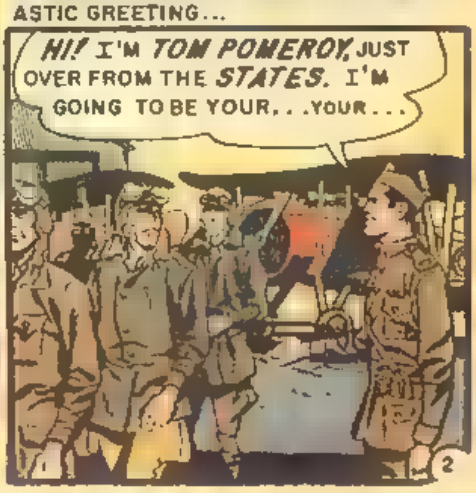
THE MEN OF THE 37TH "BLUE BLAZES" ARE SOLEMN ■ THEIR VICTORY AS THEY HEAD FOR HOME. THEY ARE COMING BACK... *LEADERLESS*...



...COMING BACK TO *YOU*, LT. POMEROY... GREEN OUT OF FLYING SCHOOL... NEW... INEXPERIENCED. YOU WATCH YOUR FUTURE FIGHT-MATES WITH A JOYOUS GRIN AS THEY BRING THEIR NIEUPORTS DOWN. . .

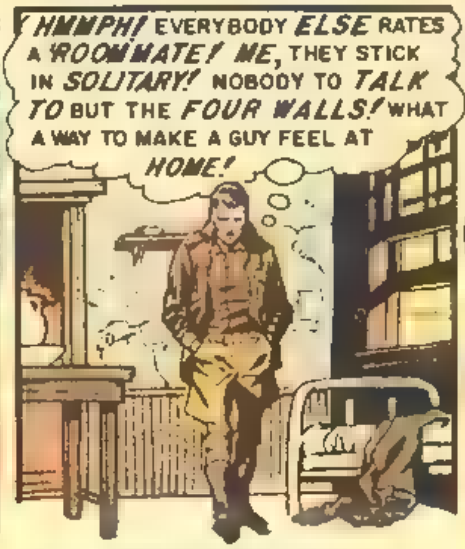


YOU DIDN'T *KNOW* MAJOR CONNERS! YOU DON'T KNOW HE'S *GONE*... OR WHAT HIS PASSING *MEANS* TO HIS FRIENDS! A GRINNING FOOL, YOU STICK YOUR HAND OUT ■ ENTHUSIASTIC GREETING...

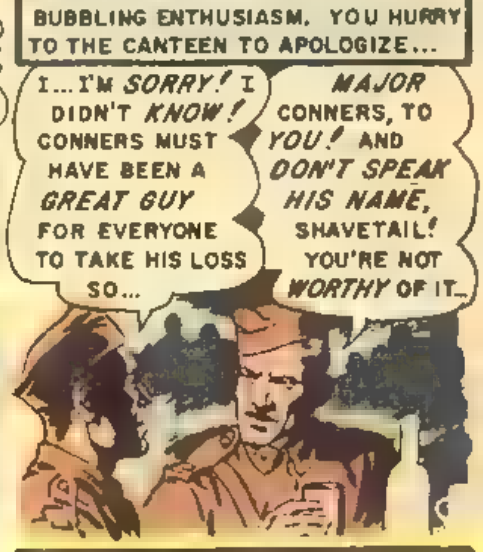


THEY PASS YOU BY, THEIR LIPS TIGHT, THEIR EYES HARD. CONTEMPT TWISTS THEIR FEATURES. YOU ARE LIKE DIRT TO THEM... DIRT NOT WORTH TOUCHING OR KNOWING...

YOU BROOD ABOUT IT ANGRILY... THE WHOLE HUMILIATING MESS. THE NERVE OF THEM... SNUBBING YOU... CUTTING YOU DEAD... AS IF YOU WERE A DISEASE OR SOMETHING...



AND WHEN A GREASEMONKEY TELLS YOU ABOUT MAJOR CONNERS, YOU SEIZE UPON IT EAGERLY AS THE EXCUSE FOR THEIR DISCOURTESY. YOU'D OFFENDED THEM WITH YOUR BUBBLING ENTHUSIASM. YOU HURRY TO THE CANTEEN TO APOLOGIZE...

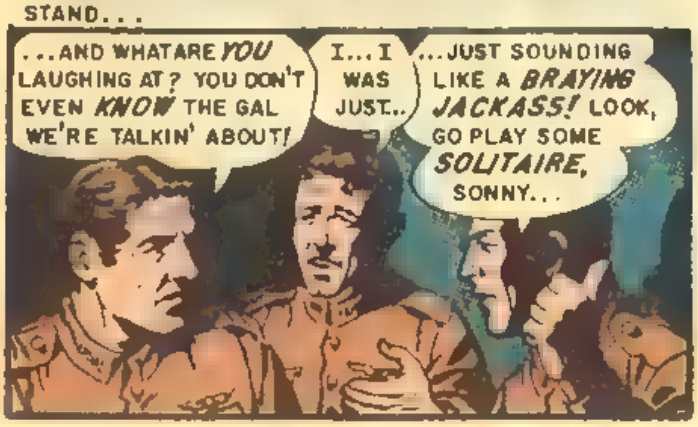


YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EARS. ARE THEY CRAZY? WHAT'S EATING THEM? YOU ASK YOURSELF A MILLION QUESTIONS AND YOU GET NO ANSWERS THAT MAKE SENSE...

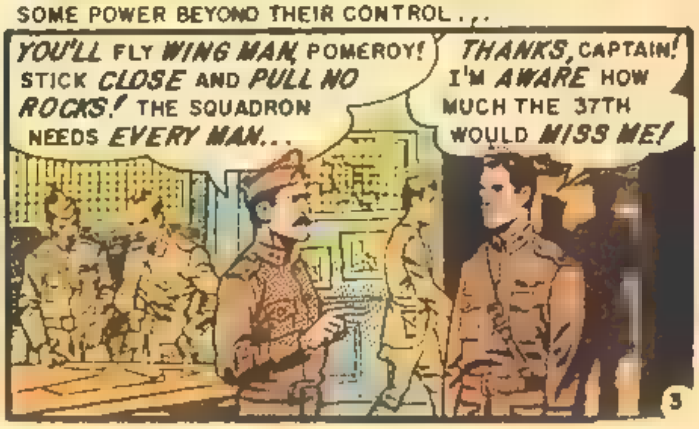
BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD THEY GANG UP ON YOU? WHAT REASON COULD THEY HAVE? YOU BOIL INSIDE BUT YOU KEEP YOUR LIPS SEALED. YOU'LL NEVER GIVE THEM THE SATISFACTION OF CRAWLING TO THEM...

BUT DEEP INSIDE, NO MATTER HOW YOU REASON OR STEEL YOURSELF, YOU RESENT THIS BEING SHUNNED AS IF YOU WERE A HUMAN CESSPOOL. THE HURT IS DEEP... AND YOUR RESENTMENT DEEPER...

BUT, SINCE IT'S HUMAN TO SEEK COMPANIONSHIP, NO MATTER HOW HARD IT IS TO GAIN IT, YOU TRY... PATHETICALLY... TO INGRATIATE YOURSELF. YOU HAUNT THE BULL SESSIONS... LAUGH AT HUMOR YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...



SOLITAIRE, INDEED! SOLITAIRE IS YOUR GAME, AND "SOLITARY" ■ YOUR LIFE! — BAR SUR SEINE. THE CLIQUE HAS MADE IT CLEAR THAT YOU'RE AN UNWANTED OUTSIDER WISHED UPON THE SQUADRON THROUGH SOME POWER BEYOND THEIR CONTROL...



YOU'VE NEVER REALIZED BEFORE THE TRUTH OF THE SAYING THAT A MAN CAN FEEL LONELY IN A CROWD. THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL NOW, UP THERE IN THE CLOUDS WITH THE 37TH. LONELY AS A STONE. ISOLATED AS AN ISLAND...

SO *THIS* ■ HOW THEY *ENCOURAGE TEAMWORK*... BY MAKING A GUY FEEL AS *UNWANTED AS POSSIBLE*... BY KEEPING HIM *MISERABLE* ON THE *GROUND!* WELL, *SOME DAY*, I'LL *SHOW THEM! SOME DAY*, I'LL...

YOU'LL *WHAT*, POMEROY? COULD YOU EVER HOPE TO *BLAST THROUGH* THE *BARRIER* OF THEIR *COLDNESS? WHAT MAGIC WILL OPEN THE DOOR THEY'VE CLOSED ON YOU?* YOU SHAKE YOUR HEAD. YOU *KNOW* IT WILL *NEVER CHANGE!* YOU *KNOW* THIS ■ THE WAY IT *HAS TO BE*...

IT WAS JUST *ROTTEN LUCK* TO BE ASSIGNED TO THIS BUNCH! BUT THEY *WON'T BREAK ME!* I'LL TAKE *ANYTHING* THEY *DISH OUT*... AND *MORE!*

YOU BECAME AN INTROVERT... BROODING IN BITTERNESS... A MASS OF RESENTMENT... HATING *BAR SUR SEINE* MORE THAN ANYPLACE IN THE WORLD. AND THEN, FINALLY, YOU DECIDE TO APPLY FOR A TRANSFER. THE C.O. STARES AT YOU AS IF YOU'RE A LOATHSOME CRY-BABY...

SORRY, POMEROY! *REPLACEMENTS* ARE *SCARCE!* WE'RE *STUCK* WITH ONE ANOTHER! BUT IF IT'S ANY *CONSOLATION*, YOU'D FIND THE SITUATION THE SAME *EVERYWHERE*...

THE *SAME?* I... I DON'T *UNDERSTAND*, SIR...

IT'S *SIMPLE*, POMEROY. THE *NEW* AND THE *OLD* JUST *DON'T MIX!* THE *INSIDERS* ARE *SUSPICIOUS* OF THE *OUTSIDERS*... SOMETIMES EVEN *RESENTFUL!* A *NEW MAN* IS AN *OUTSIDER!* IT'S A *ROUGH SITUATION, I KNOW*, BUT *NOTHING LASTS FOREVER*...

SURE! THERE'S *ALWAYS* THE CHANCE I'LL GET *KILLED!* THANKS, COLONEL! THANKS LOADS...

ONE DAY YOU DRAW A MISSION THAT IMITATES YOUR WHOLE LIFE WITH THE 37TH. A SOLO JOB. A LONE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT. YOU TAKE OFF ■ BITTERNESS AND YOU DO YOUR WORK IN BITTERNESS. WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPERIENCES ■ YOUR LIFE HAS TURNED INTO A SICKENING TORTURE...

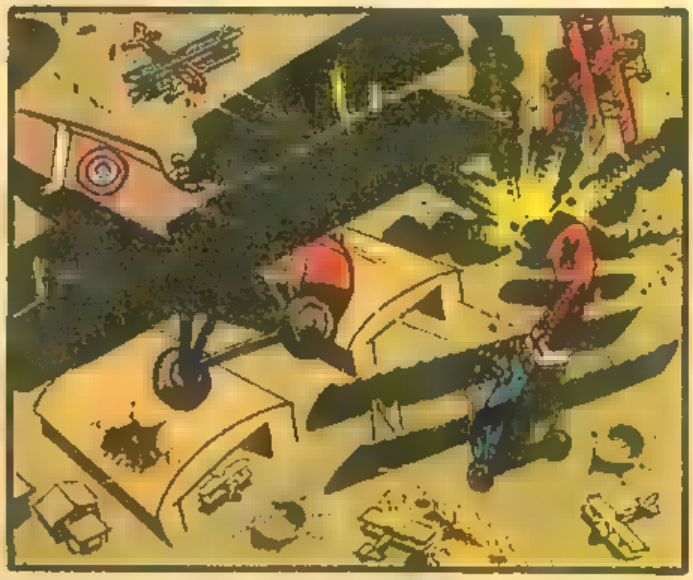
I... I NEVER *DREAMED* IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! I THOUGHT A SQUADRON WAS *ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!* INSTEAD, IT'S A *SPITEFUL CLIQUE*...

BUT AS YOU GUIDE YOUR NIEUPORT BACK TO *BAR SUR SEINE*, YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH SHARPLY...

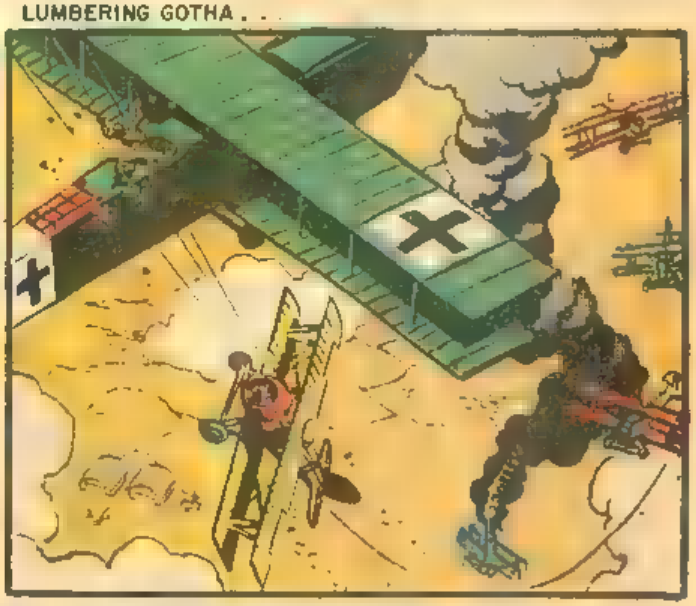
GOOD LORD! GERMANS... BOMBING AND STRAFING THE FIELD...

BELOW, THE SURPRISED MEN OF THE 37TH COWER UNDER COVER, PINNED DOWN BY THE STRAFING FOKKERS...

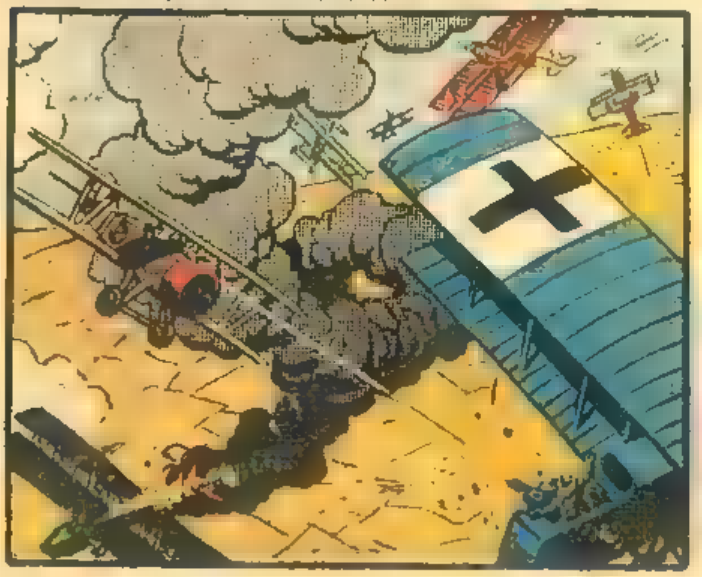
AT THAT MOMENT, YOU DROP OUT OF THE SUN, YOUR GUNS YAMMERING...



YOU PULL OUT OF YOUR SCREAMING DIVE UNDER A LUMBERING GOTHA...



YOU SIDE SLIP AND PICK UP ANOTHER FAT PRUSSIAN EGG-CARRIER IN YOUR SIGHTS...



THE BOMBER FLARES UP...ORANGE AND BLACK. YOU SLICE THROUGH ITS FLAMES, YOUR VICKERS GUNS CHATTERING AWAY AT ONE OF ITS FOKKER ESCORTS...

IT [redacted] LIKE A NIGHTMARE... YOUR LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE BOCHE... AN INCREDIBLE, DESPERATE BATTLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS... PLANE AFTER PLANE DROPPING AWAY... GOING DOWN IN SHRIEKING FLAMES...

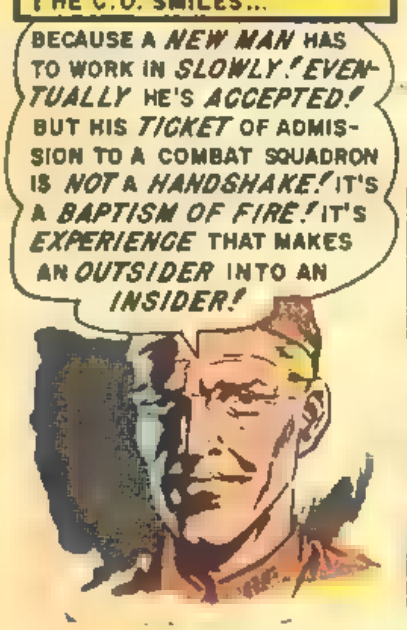
BUT YOUR DIVERSIONARY ATTACK GIVES YOUR SQUADRON MATES AT *BAR SUR SEINE* A CHANCE TO COME ALOFT. NOW, TOGETHER YOU CHASE THE GERMANS. MORE THAN HALF THE RAIDERS FLAME ON THE GROUND AS THE REMAINING TURN AND FLEE...

BITTERLY, YOU LAND YOUR PLANE. BITTERLY, YOU CLIMB FROM THE COCKPIT. "THE CRUMBS", YOU SNARL TO YOURSELF. "THEY'D BE DEAD NOW... ALL OF THEM... IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU! BUT DO THEY REALIZE IT? THE CRUMBS!"...

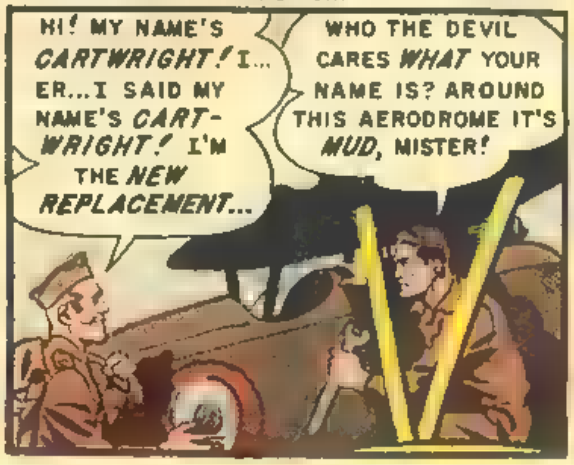
YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. THEY SURROUND YOU... OFFERING YOU SMOKES... DRINKS... COMPLIMENTS. EVEN CAPTAIN SINCLAIR PUMPS YOUR HAND...

YOU TURN, BEWILDERED, TO YOUR C.O. WHAT *HAPPENED*? WHY HAS EVERYBODY *CHANGED*? BECAUSE YOU SAVED THEIR *NECKS*...?

THE C.O. SMILES...



YOU'RE ONE OF THE GANG NOW, POMEROY. YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR HUMOR... THEIR EXCLUSIVE PRIDE. AND THEN, ONE DAY, A REPLACEMENT ARRIVES... A CALLOW GREEN KID WITH SIX HOURS SOLO AND A GRIN AS BROAD AS THE RIVER AT *BAR SUR SEINE*...



YOU STALK AWAY GRIM-FACED... TIGHT-LIPPED. THE KID STARES AFTER YOU. *YOU* KNOW HOW HE *FEELS*, DON'T YOU POMEROY? HE'S *TREMBLING*... *PALE*... *SHOCKED*... A *COMPLETE OUTSIDER*... ON HIS WAY *IN*!

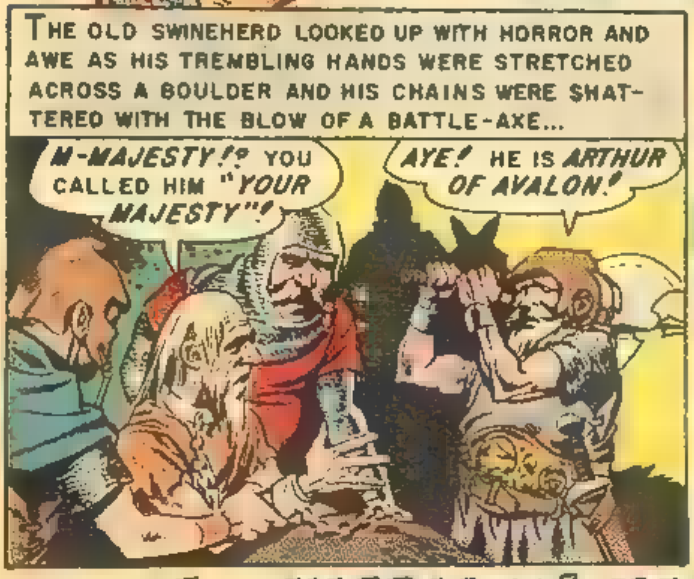
THE END

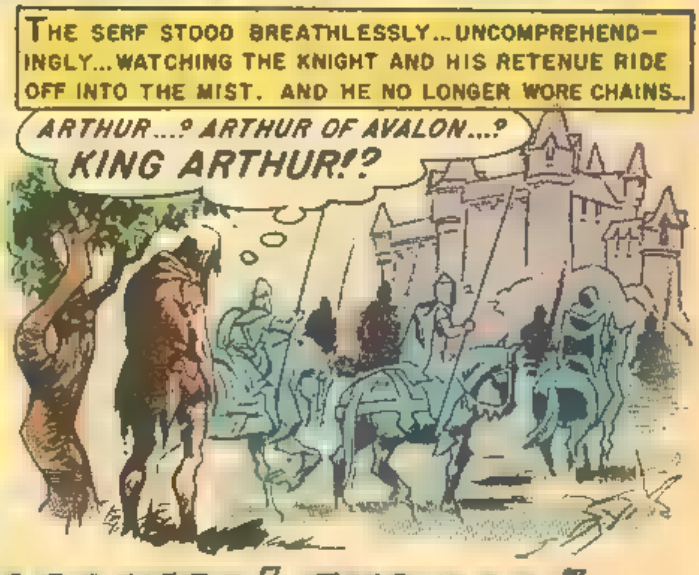
COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!

HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

VALOR

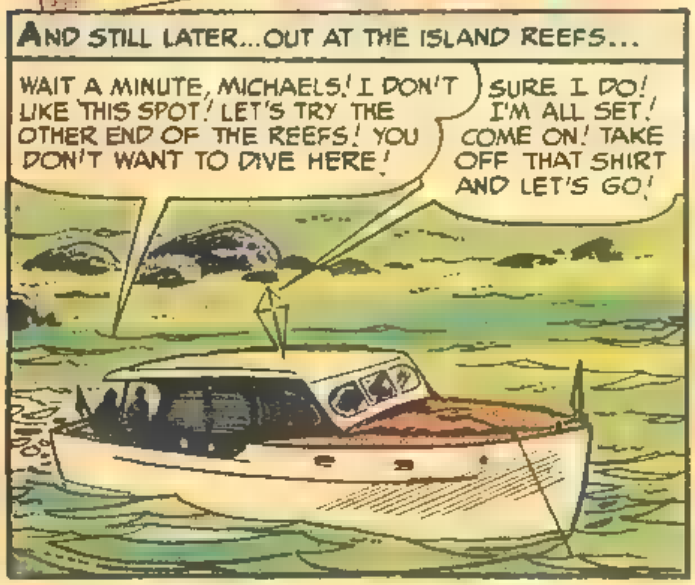




INTRIGUE! HEADLINES! THRILLS!

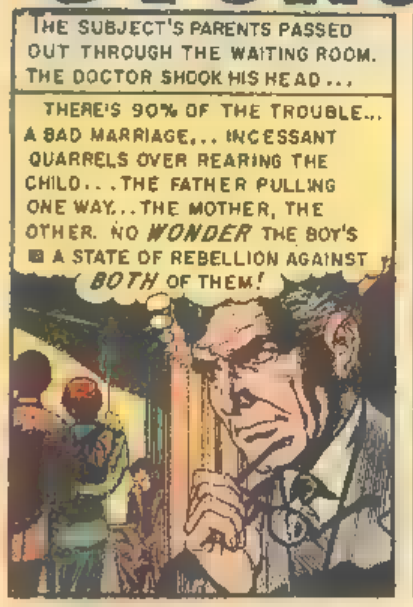
FOLLOW KEITH MICHAELS, W.P. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

EXTRA!



And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics! Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...

PSYCHOANALYSIS



AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

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☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH

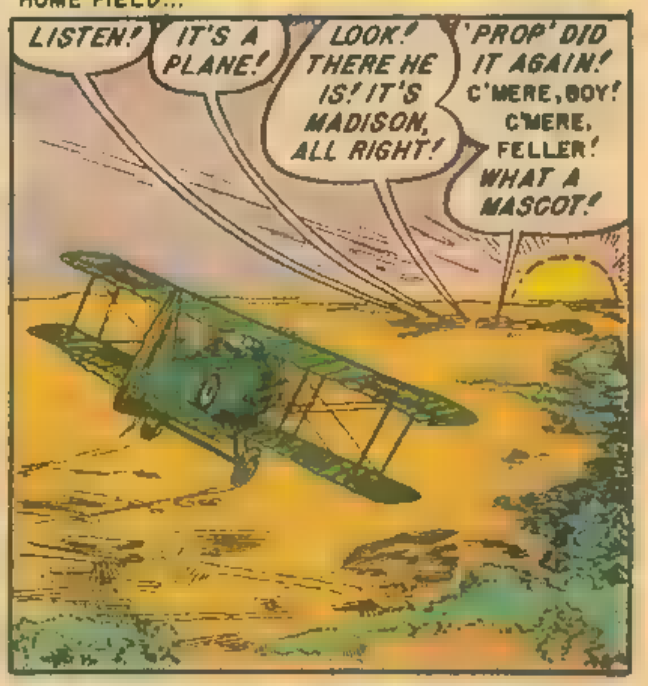
☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS

☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD ☐ PANIC ☐ PIRACY

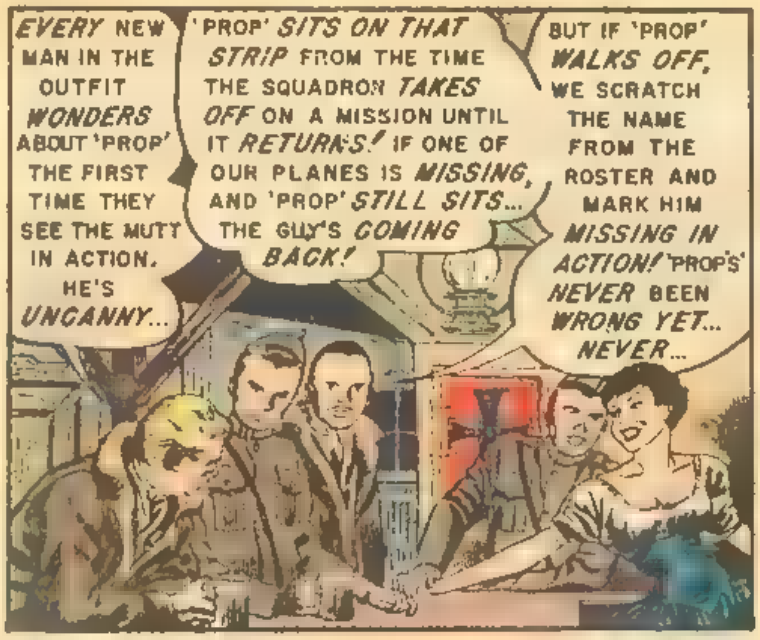
THE MASCOT

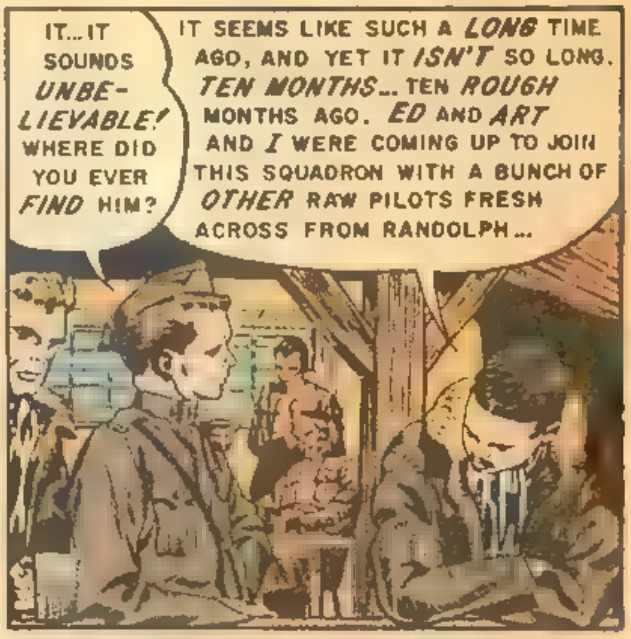
IT WAS A BLEAK WINTER DAY IN 1918. A GROUP OF TENSE-CED PILOTS, WHO HAD ALREADY COMPLETED THEIR MIS-ON, STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE LANDING STRIP OF THEIR DVANCED AMERICAN AIRDROME SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE. EARBY, A SMALL, LOP-EARED MONGREL SQUATTED, PATIENT-LY WAITING. FROM TIME TO TIME, THE GROUP OF WHISPERING PILOTS WOULD FALL SILENT, GLANCE AT THE DOG, THEN SEARCH THE FEBRUARY SKY TO THE EAST. FINALLY, ONE OF THEM SPOKE...

THE MEN FELL SILENT AGAIN. THE DOG JUST SAT. THEN, FROM FAR OFF, ABOVE THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF GUNS, CAME THE DRONE... LIKE A BEE SEARCHING FOR A FLOWER... A SPAD, SEARCHING FOR ITS HOME FIELD...

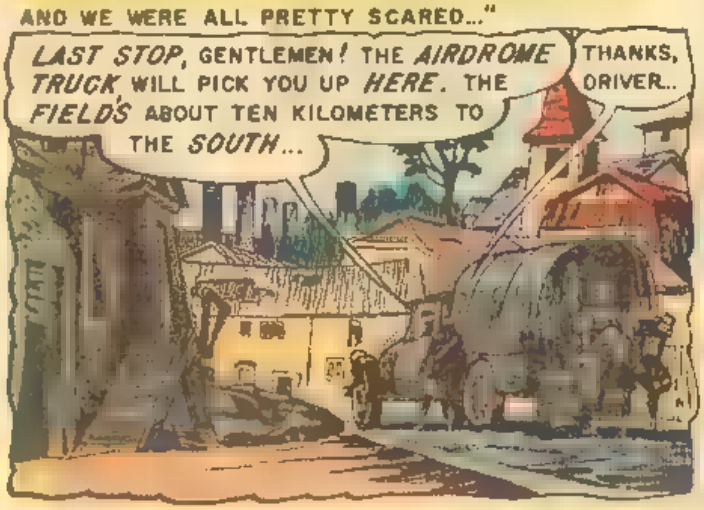


THE SPAD CAME DOWN AND THE GREASEMONKEYS RAN TOWARD IT. THE DOG TROTTED AFTER THEM, BARKING. THE PILOT NAMED LANE STARED AFTER THE YAPPING MONGREL...

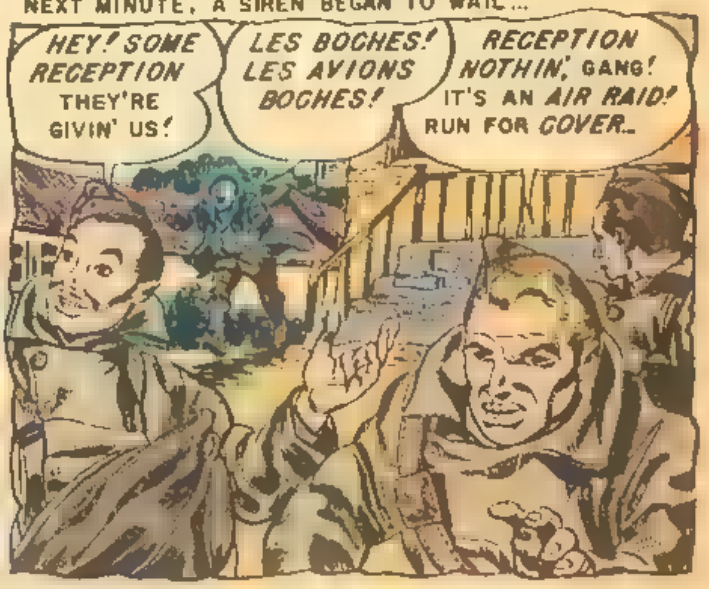




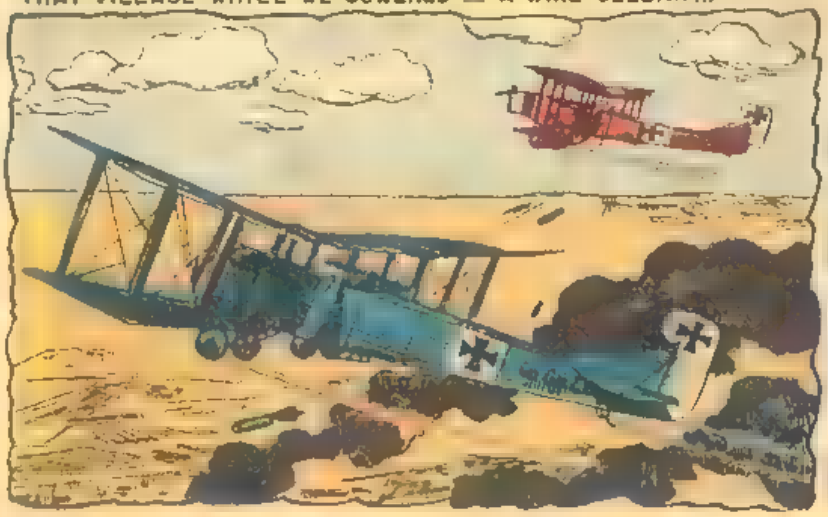
"WE'D COME FROM PARIS BY LORRY, AND AS WE PULLED INTO POILLY-SUR-OISNE, WE COULD HEAR THE RUMBLING OF ARTILLERY FIRE [redacted] THE DISTANCE. [redacted] WAS THE FIRST TIME WE'D BEEN AT THE FRONT AND WE WERE ALL PRETTY SCARED..."



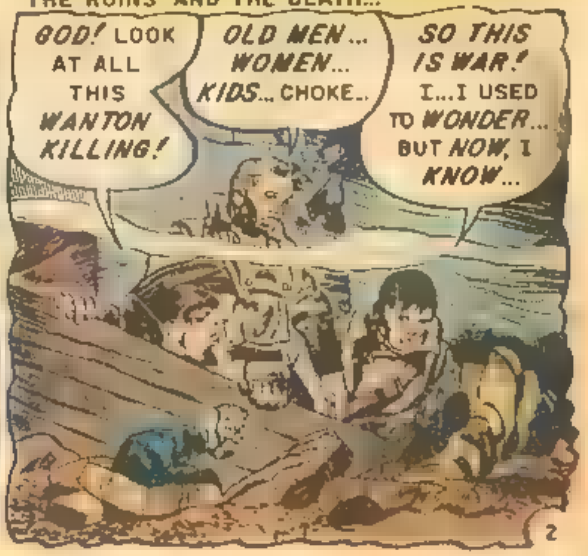
"WE WATCHED THE LORRY RATTLE OFF... AND THE NEXT MINUTE, A SIREN BEGAN TO WAIL..."



"TWO BLACK-WINGED GOTHA BOMBERS APPEARED OVERHEAD LIKE MENACING BIRDS OF PREY. THEN, THE BOMBS BEGAN TO SCREAM EARTHWARD. FOR TWO SOLID HOURS, JERRY PLASTERED THAT VILLAGE WHILE WE COWERED [redacted] A WINE CELLAR..."

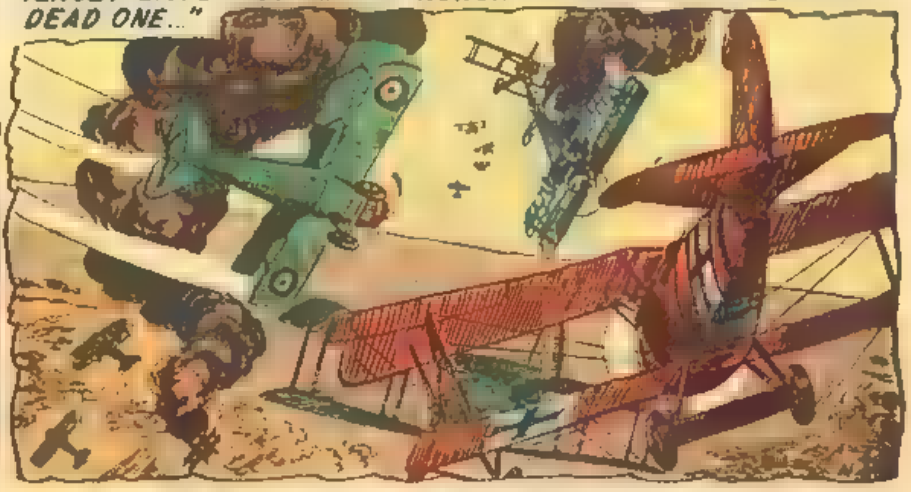


"...AND WHEN THE RAID HAD ENDED AND WE'D CLIMBED OUT INTO THE RUBBLE AND THE RUINS AND THE DEATH..."

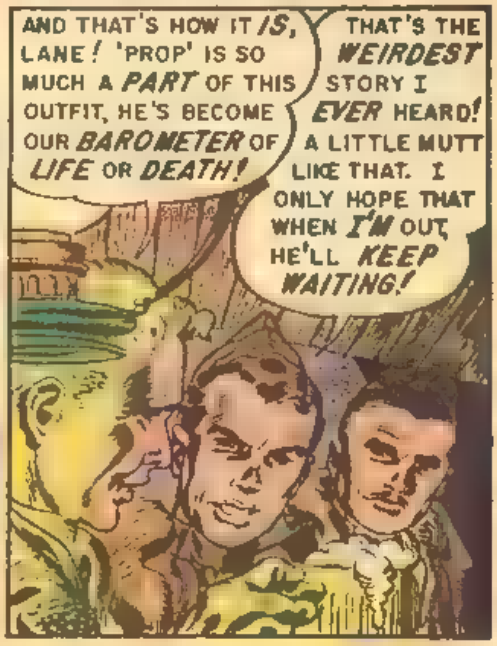


"WE FOUND 'PROP' AMID THE WRECKAGE...WHINING AND SHIVERING..."

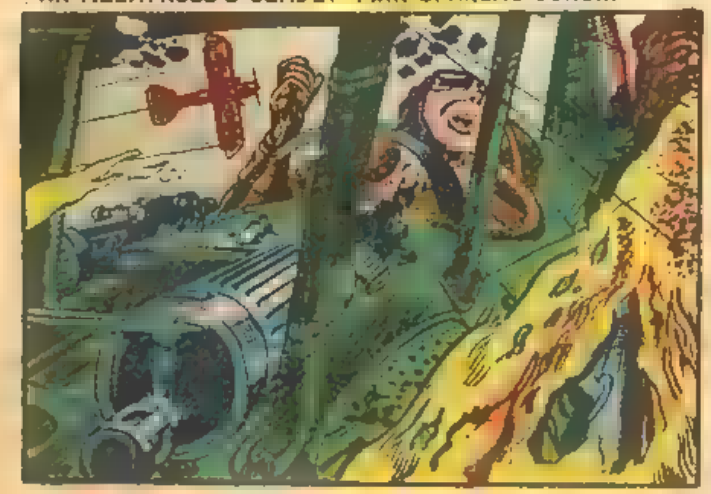
"AND SO, 'PROP,' OUR NEW MASCOT, WAS DULY NAMED. A SHORT TIME LATER, THE TRUCK FROM THE AIRDROME CAME TO PICK US UP AND WE TOOK HIM WITH US. WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO BECOME VETERAN COMBAT PILOTS. WE LEARNED IN THE HARD SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE! EITHER YOU WERE AN HONOR STUDENT...OR YOU WERE A DEAD ONE..."



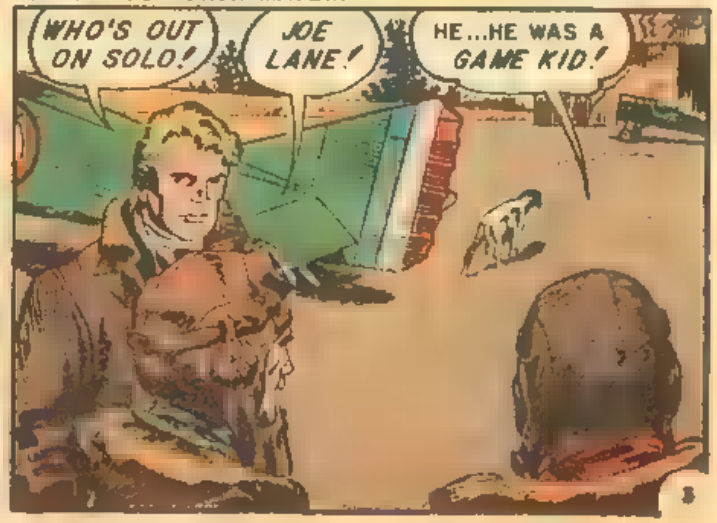
"AND AS WE BECAME STEELED TO FACING DEATH EACH DAY IN THE SKIES, 'PROP', TOO, WAS INTEGRATED INTO THE UNIT. HE BECAME A MUTE PROPHET OF LIFE AND DEATH. IN SOME WEIRD, INEXPLICABLE MANNER, HIS UNCANNY SIXTH SENSE NEVER ERRED..."



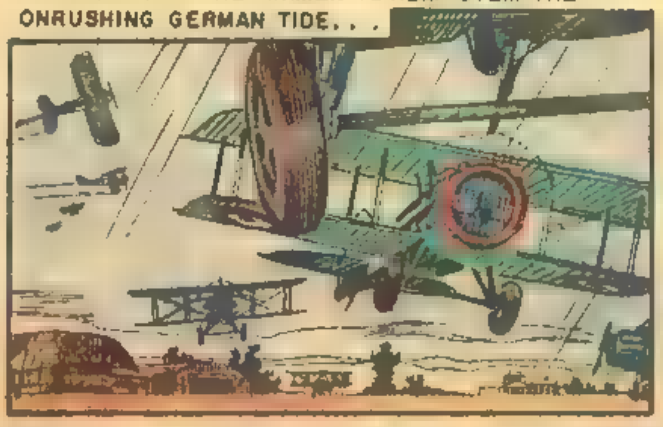
BUT SOME DAYS LATER, THE ICY FINGER OF DEATH TOUCHED LT. JOE LANE! WHILE FLYING A SOLO MISSION, HIS SPAD PLUNGED EARTHWARD LIKE A FIERY METEOR, SET ABLAZE BY A HAIL OF BULLETS FROM AN ALBATROSS'S DEADLY TWIN SPANDAU GUNS...



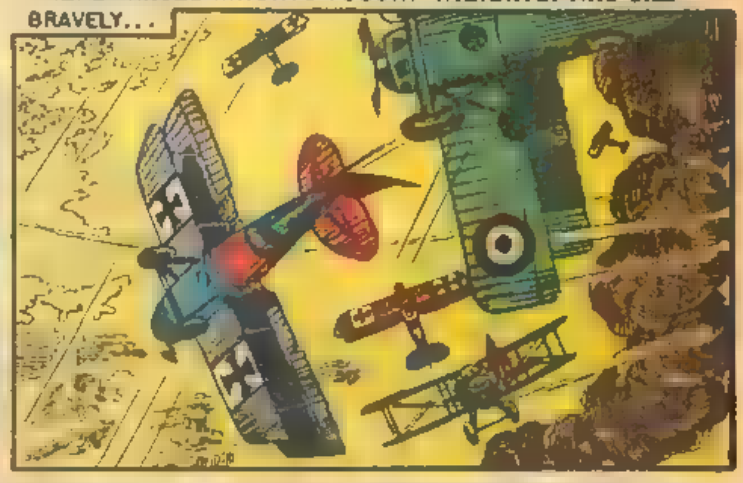
AND PRECISELY AT THAT MOMENT, BACK AT THE AERDROME, 'PROP' STOOD UP AND TROTTED OFF THE STRIP, GIVING UP HIS VIGIL. THOSE WHO SAW, KNEW THEY'D LOST A SQUADRON MATE...



DEATH WAS NO STRANGER TO THIS BATTLE-SCARRED SQUADRON, AND THE CRUEL RELENTLESS WAR WENT ON. THE NEWS CAME THAT THE GERMANS HAD TORN A HUGE GAP IN THE ALLIED LINES. A FRANTIC CALL WENT OUT FOR THE AIRMEN TO HELP STEM THE ONRUSHING GERMAN TIDE...



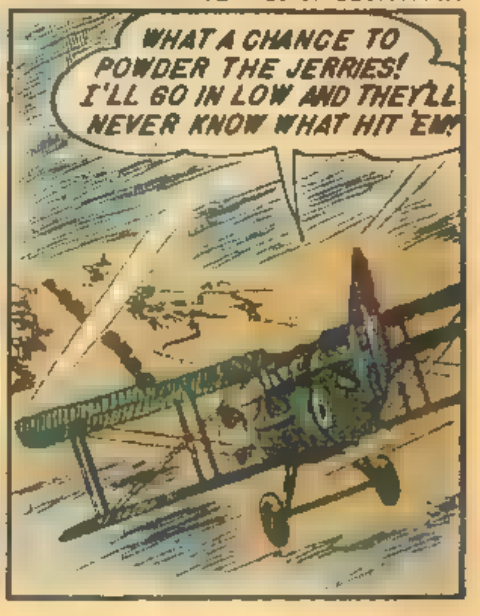
GRIMLY, DESPERATELY, THE SQUADRON BATTLED THE GERMANS, AND THE SKIES OVER FRANCE BECAME A TOURNEY GROUND WHERE WINGED KNIGHTS FOUGHT VALIENTLY AND DIED BRAVELY...



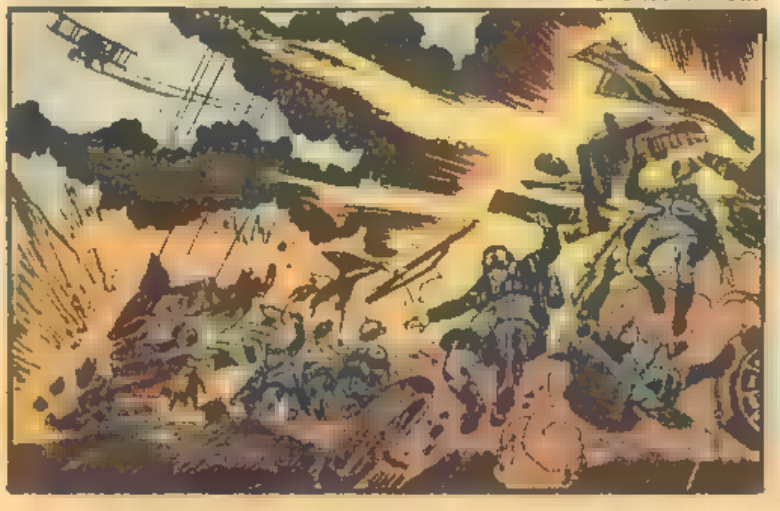
FOR DAYS, THE STRUGGLE TO HALT THE ENEMY ADVANCE WENT ON. ONE MORNING, AS LOW HANGING RAIN CLOUDS OBSCURED VISIBILITY, A MEMBER OF THE SQUADRON, ART HAYES, LOST HIS FORMATION IN THE SWIRLING MIST...

MEANWHILE, BELOW, AN ENEMY TRUCK CONVOY CARRYING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES WAS SPLASHING ALONG A MUDDY ROAD...

ATTEMPTING TO GET HIS BEARINGS SO THAT HE COULD REJOIN HIS SQUADRON, ART SPOTTED THE CONVOY. HE MADE A QUICK DECISION...



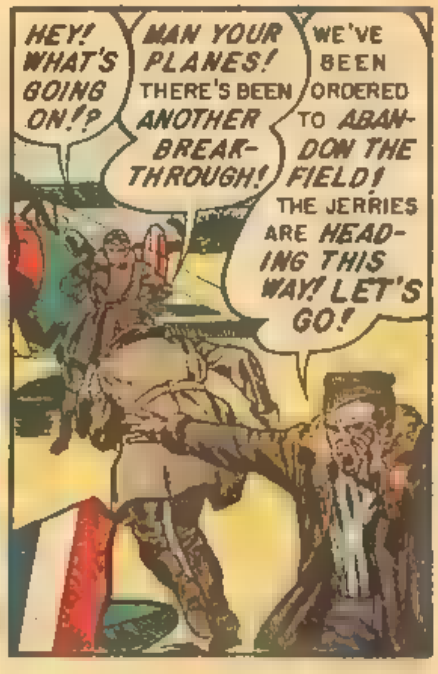
MOMENTS LATER, THE HAIL OF LEAD FROM ART'S RAPID-FIRING VICKERS GUNS TURNED THE GERMAN CONVOY INTO A WILD INFERNO... A NIGHTMARE HOLOCAUST OF SCREAMING MEN AND BURNING TRUCKS AND EXPLODING AMMO...



BUT THE DARING FLIER HAD COME IN *TOO LOW* FOR THIS COUP. SHRAPNEL FROM THE EXPLODING SHELLS RIPPED THROUGH HIS SHIP AND BLACK LIQUID SPRAYED UP INTO HIS FACE...

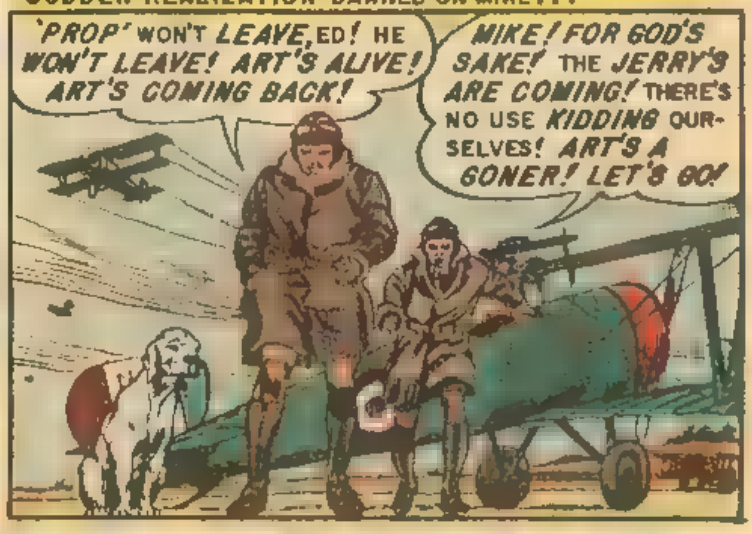
CALLING ON ALL OF HIS FLYING SKILL, ART MANAGED TO PANCAKE-LAND HIS CRIPPLED PLANE IN A FIELD...

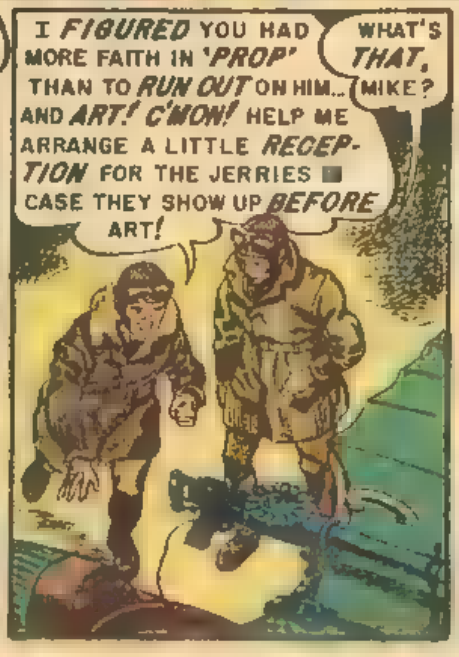
MEANWHILE, AT THE SQUADRON BASE...

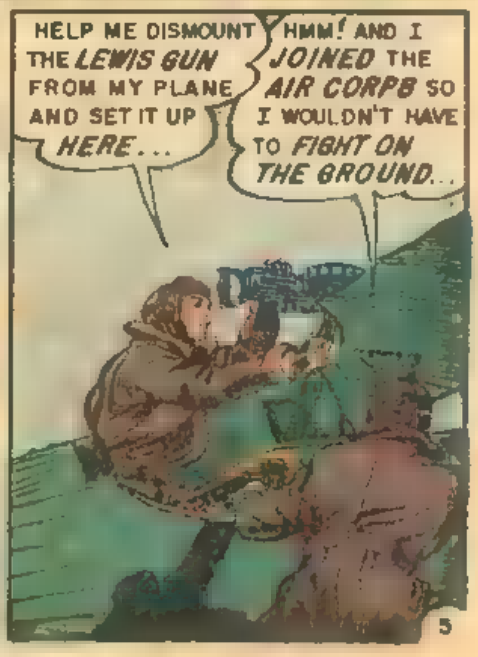


THE AIRDROME WAS A SCENE OF NOISE AND CONFUSION AS PLANE AFTER PLANE GUNNED ITS MOTORS AND TOOK TO THE SKY IN STRATEGIC RETREAT TO ANOTHER FIELD SOME MILES TO THE REAR...

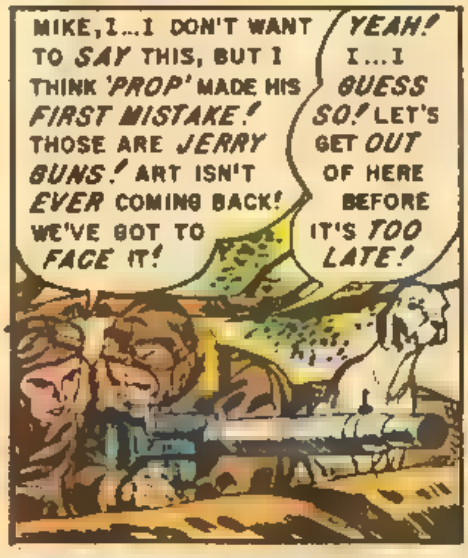
THE DOG REFUSED TO MOVE. HE JUST SAT THERE... AT THE EDGE OF THE LANDING STRIP...WAITING. AND THE SUDDEN REALIZATION DAWNED ON MIKE...







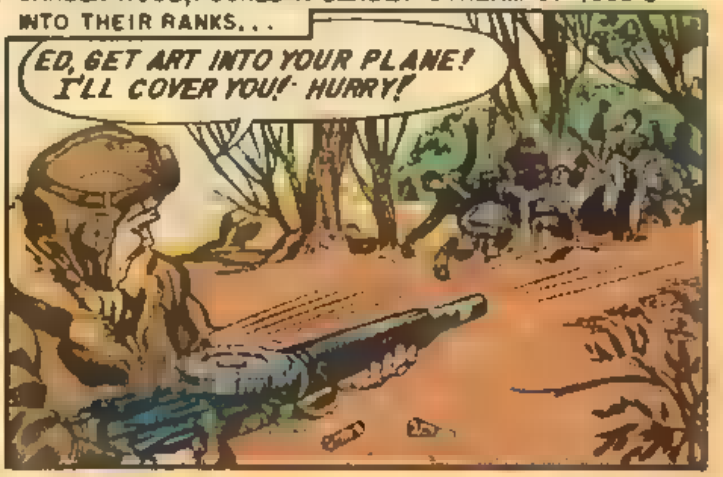
FOR THREE LONG HOURS, ED AND MIKE AND THE SQUATTING 'PROP' WAITED, VIGILANTLY, LISTENING TO THE APPROACHING GUNFIRE. AS AFTERNOON WANED, BOTH MEN BEGAN TO LOSE HOPE...



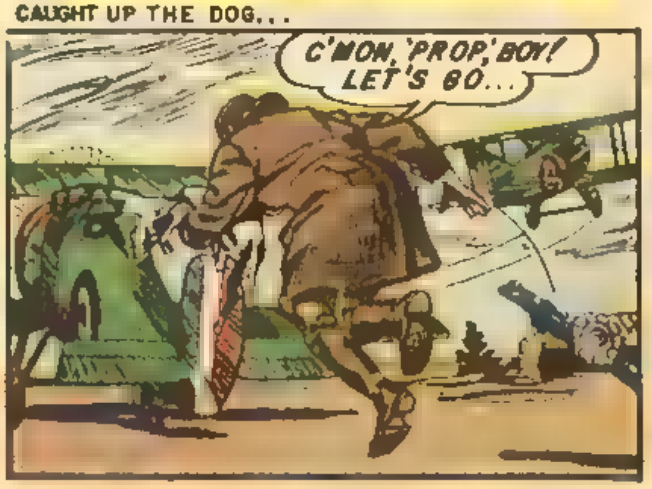
MIKE PICKED THE LEWIS UP IN HIS ARMS...

EVEN AS THE LAST FLICKER OF HOPE DIED, ART STUMBLED OUT OF THE WOODS AT THE FAR END OF THE RUNWAY, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH LINES OF FATIGUE...

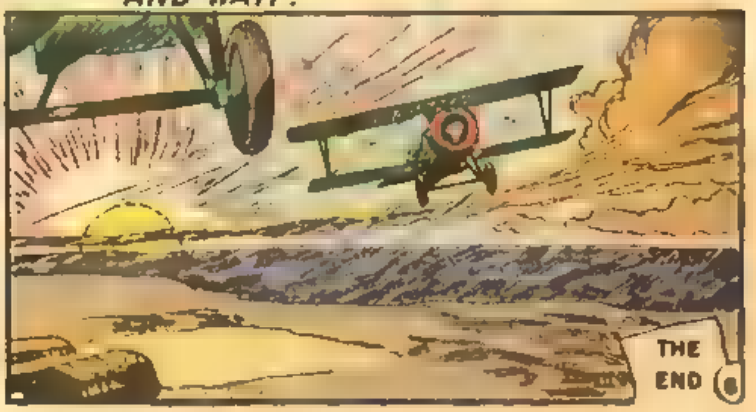
THE FIRST GERMANS CAME INTO THE OPEN AND MIKE SPUN, SPRAYING THE CHATTERING LEWIS LIKE A GARDEN HOSE, POURED A DEADLY STREAM OF .303'S INTO THEIR RANKS...



FIRING THE GUN UNTIL THE HEATING BARREL SEARED THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS, MIKE HELD OFF THE ADVANCE GERMAN PATROL AS ED'S SPAD ROARED DOWN THE STRIP. THEN HE DROPPED THE GUN AND CAUGHT UP THE DOG...



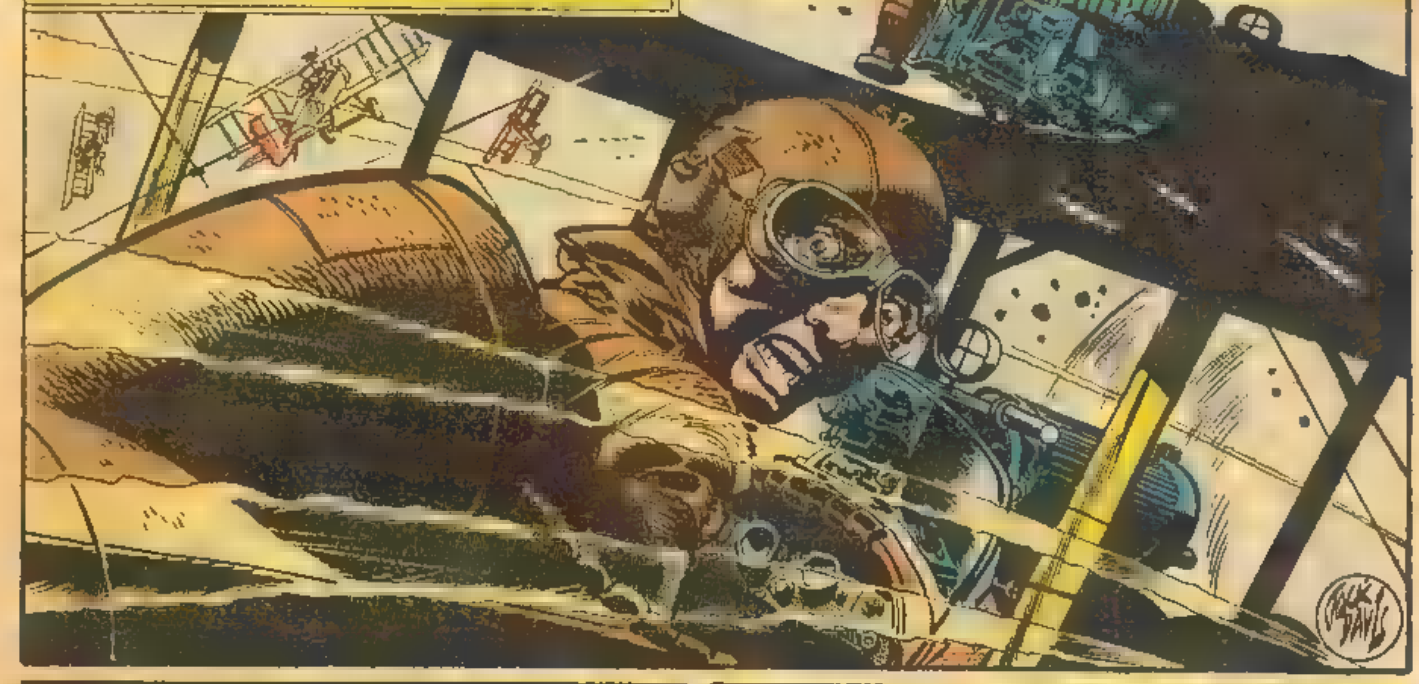
AND AS THE GERMANS POURED OUT ONTO THE DESERTED AIRDROME, THE MAN AND THE DOG ZOOMED SAFELY SKYWARD IN THEIR SHIP OF FABRIC AND WOOD... EACH READY TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, IN HIS OWN WAY. FOR *'PROP', THE SQUADRON MASCOT,* WAS A *FRONT-LINE FIGHTER TOO! THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT!*



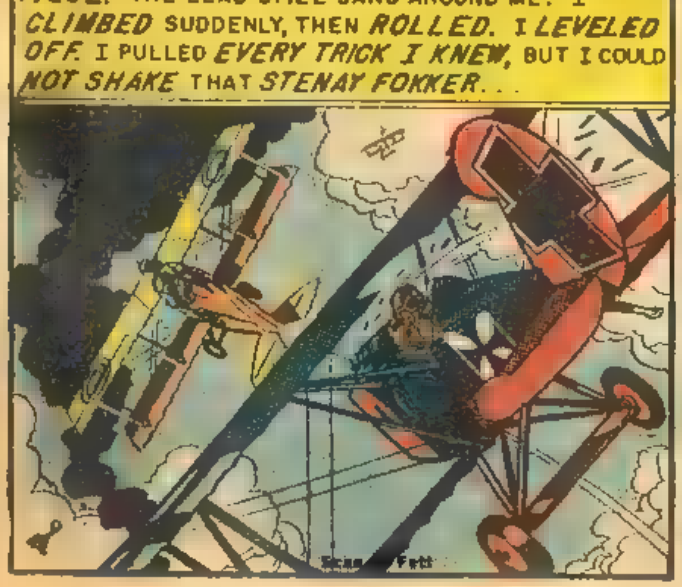
THE END

The NEW C.O.

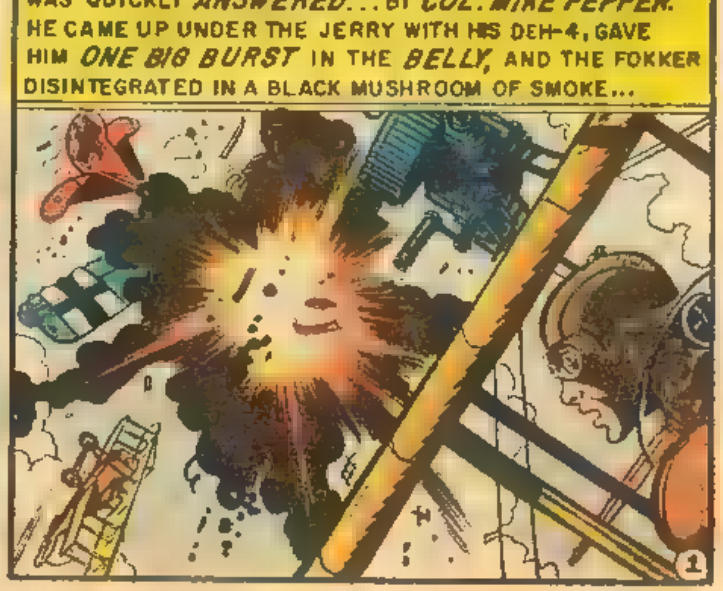
AT *TWENTY-THREE*, I WAS THE *OLD MAN* OF THE *210TH PURSUIT SQUADRON* BECAUSE I WAS THE *ONLY ONE* OUT OF THE *ORIGINAL OUTFIT* THAT HAD *SURVIVED*. BUT ON *THAT* DAY... THE 12TH OF MAY, 1918...I THOUGHT MY *NUMBER* WAS *UP*. AT SEVEN A.M., THE BLACK, YELLOW-NOSED FOKKERS OF BARON FELIX VON KREUSLING'S "DEATH'S HEAD" *JAGSTAFFEL* ROARED THEIR CHALLENGE OVERHEARD. FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE AIR WAS TREMBLING WITH THE SCREAM OF STRUTS, THE SHRILL CHATTER OF MACHINE GUNS, AND THE SHATTERING ROAR OF COLLIDING FIGHTERS. IT WAS ALL OF THE *HELL* AND *FURY* OF *WAR* IN *ONE LITTLE AREA* OF THE *SKY OVER FRANCE*. I'D JUST CHALKED UP ANOTHER MALTESE CROSS FOR MY FUSELAGE COLLECTION AND I WAS FEELING PRETTY *GOOD* ABOUT IT, WHEN THE *STEEL* STARTED SHRIEKING AROUND MY EARS, RIPPING CHUNKS OUT OF MY SPAD. *A BOCHE HAD GRABBED HOLD OF MY TAIL*...

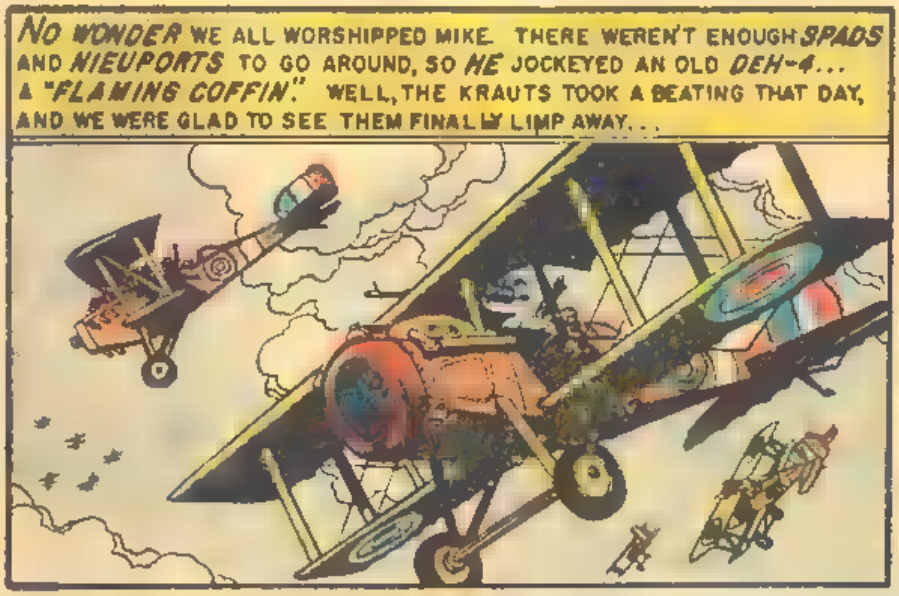


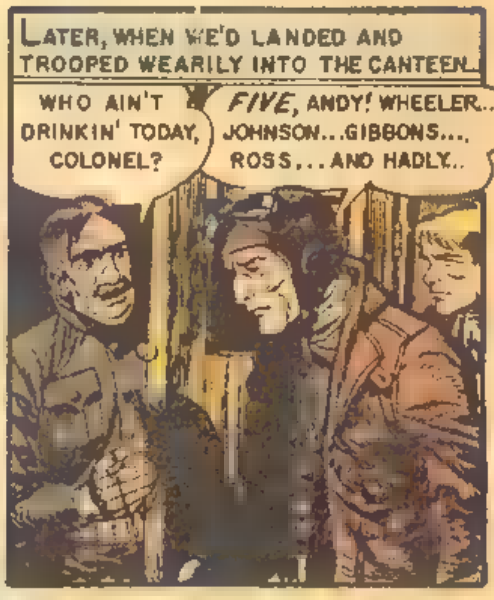
I THREW THE STICK FORWARD AND WENT INTO A *PIQUE*. THE LEAD STILL SANG AROUND ME. I *CLIMBED* SUDDENLY, THEN *ROLLED*. I *LEVELED OFF*. I PULLED *EVERY TRICK I KNEW*, BUT I COULD *NOT SHAKE* THAT *STENAY FOKKER*...



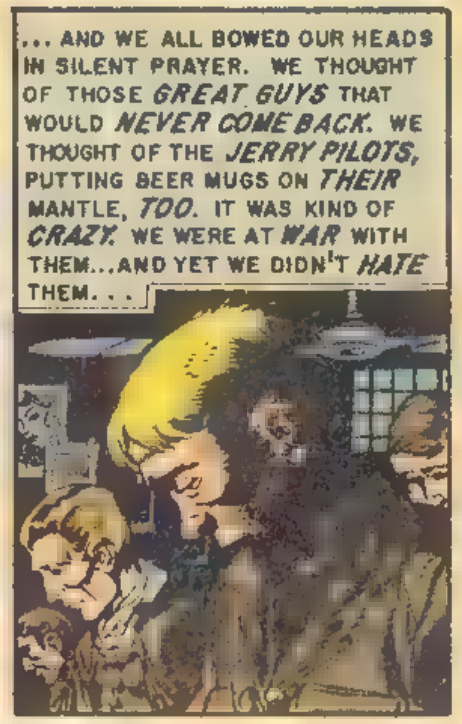
I SAID A *QUICK PRAYER*, AND JUST AS SUDDENLY, IT WAS QUICKLY *ANSWERED*... BY *COL. MIKE PEPPER*. HE CAME UP UNDER THE JERRY WITH HIS DEH-4, GAVE HIM *ONE BIG BURST* IN THE *BELLY*, AND THE FOKKER DISINTEGRATED IN A BLACK MUSHROOM OF SMOKE...



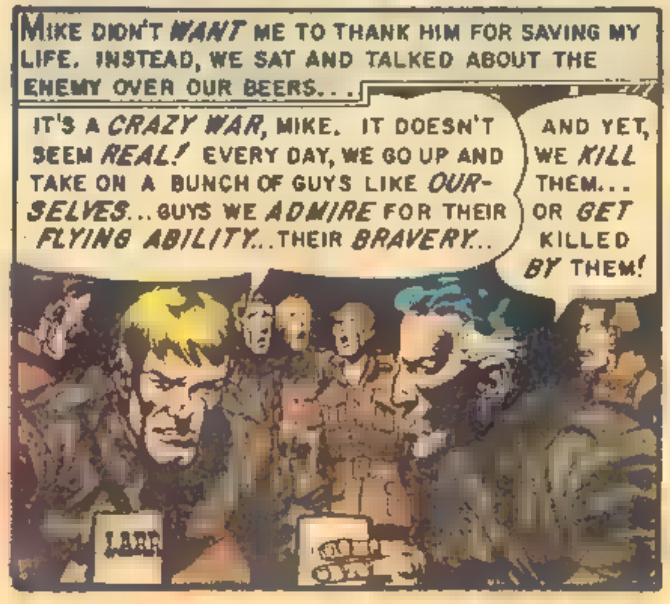

NO WONDER WE ALL WORSHIPPED MIKE. THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH SPADS AND NIEUPORTS TO GO AROUND, SO HE JOCKEYED AN OLD DEH-4... A "FLAMING COFFIN". WELL, THE KRAUTS TOOK A BEATING THAT DAY, AND WE WERE GLAD TO SEE THEM FINALLY LIMP AWAY...

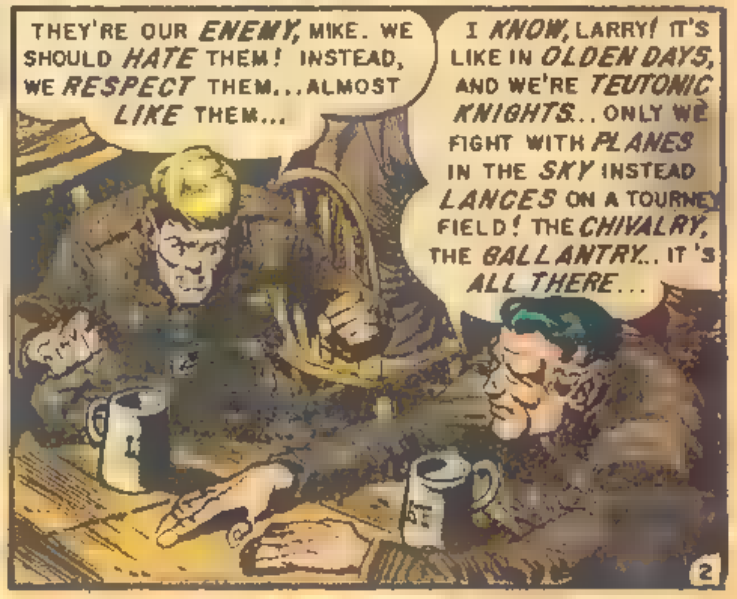

LATER, WHEN WE'D LANDED AND TROOPED WEARILY INTO THE CANTEEN...
WHO AIN'T DRINKIN' TODAY, COLONEL?
FIVE, ANDY! WHEELER... JOHNSON... GIBBONS..., ROSS... AND HADLY...

OUR C.O. CARRIED THE FIVE BEER MUGS TO THE FIREPLACE AND PUT THEM ON THE MANTLE WITH A WHOLE LINEUP OF OTHER MUGS THAT WOULD NEVER BE DRUNK FROM AGAIN...

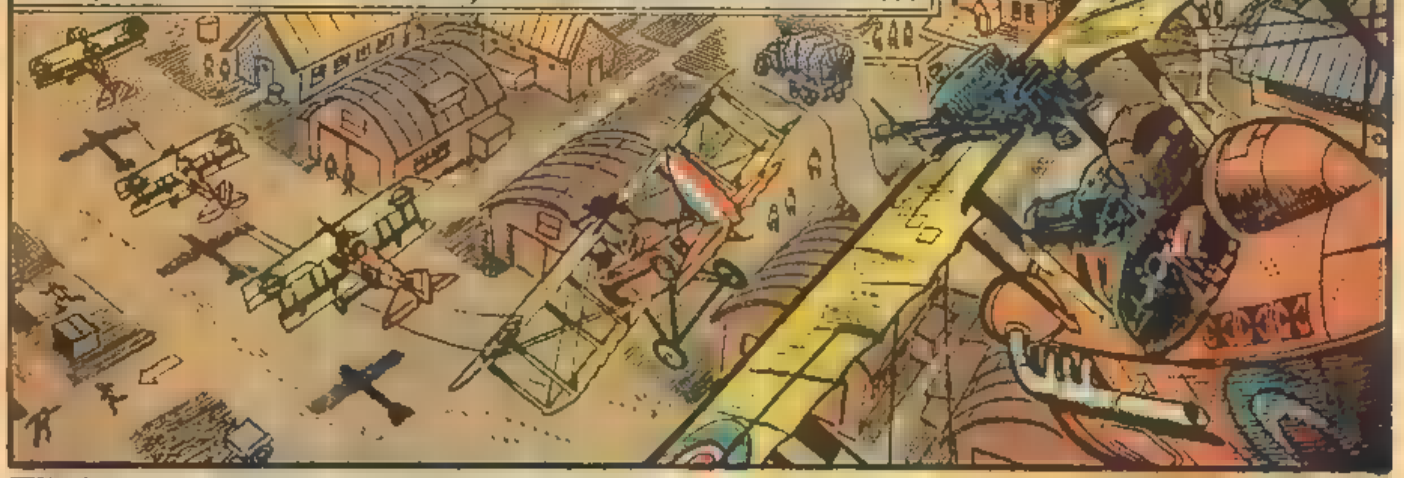

... AND WE ALL BOWED OUR HEADS IN SILENT PRAYER. WE THOUGHT OF THOSE GREAT GUYS THAT WOULD NEVER COME BACK. WE THOUGHT OF THE JERRY PILOTS, PUTTING BEER MUGS ON THEIR MANTLE, TOO. IT WAS KIND OF CRAZY. WE WERE AT WAR WITH THEM... AND YET WE DIDN'T HATE THEM...

I WENT OVER TO THE C.O. BUT HE TURNED AWAY AS I TRIED TO THANK HIM...
THERE'D'VE BEEN ANOTHER MUG FOR THE MANTLE, MIKE... IF YOU HADN'T...
C'MON, BOYS! LET'S DRINK UP!

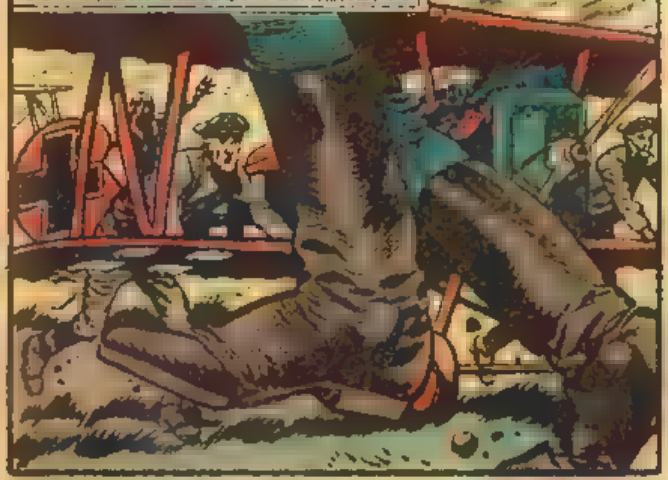

MIKE DIDN'T WANT ME TO THANK HIM FOR SAVING MY LIFE. INSTEAD, WE SAT AND TALKED ABOUT THE ENEMY OVER OUR BEERS...
IT'S A CRAZY WAR, MIKE. IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL! EVERY DAY, WE GO UP AND TAKE ON A BUNCH OF GUYS LIKE OURSELVES... GUYS WE ADMIRE FOR THEIR FLYING ABILITY... THEIR BRAVERY...
AND YET, WE KILL THEM... OR GET KILLED BY THEM!


THEY'RE OUR ENEMY, MIKE. WE SHOULD HATE THEM! INSTEAD, WE RESPECT THEM... ALMOST LIKE THEM...
I KNOW, LARRY! IT'S LIKE IN OLDEN DAYS, AND WE'RE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS... ONLY WE FIGHT WITH PLANES IN THE SKY INSTEAD LANCES ON A TOURNEY FIELD! THE CHIVALRY, THE GALLANTRY... IT'S ALL THERE...

YES, THAT'S HOW IT *WAS*. EVERY DAY, WE *GALLANTLY FOUGHT* A *GALLANT ENEMY... WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM!* WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN *IT* HAPPENED. THE C.O., COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER *JAGSTAFFEL II'S* AIRDROME. WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BUZZING VON KRUESLING'S H.Q., "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...

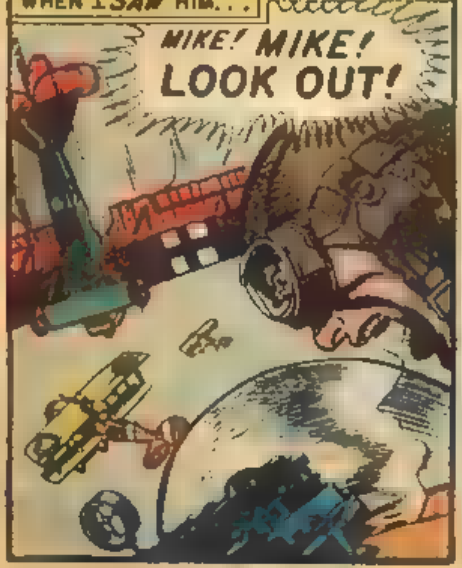


THEN WE'D CIRCLED AROUND UPSTAIRS, WATCHING WITH POUNDING HEARTS AS THE BOCHE PILOTS POURED ONTO THE FIELD AND GREASEMONKEYS WHEELED OUT THEIR DEADLY FOKKERS...

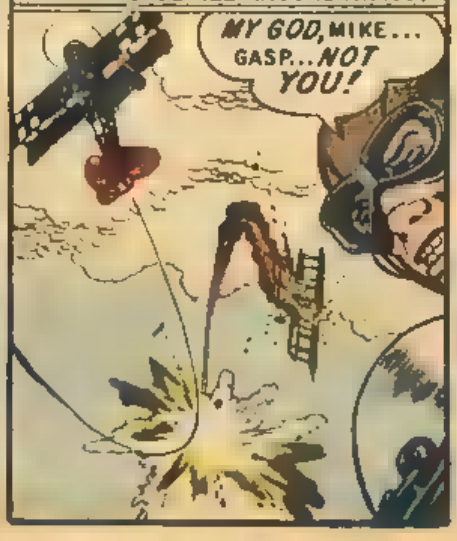


THEN THEY CAME UP. WE PULLED INTO A TIGHT FORMATION, WAITING. THEY CLIMBED ABOVE US AND JUST VANISHED. WE SEARCHED THE SKY OVERHEAD. WE COULDN'T FIND THEM. BUT WE KNEW THEY WERE STILL AROUND, WHEN THE SPANDAU SLUGS STARTED RAINING DOWN AT US. THE KRAUTS WERE *DIVING AT US... OUT OF THE SUN, AND WE COULDN'T SEE THEM...*

THEY CAME DOWN LIKE A FLOCK OF *BLACK HAWKS*, THE *BARON HIMSELF* IN THE LEAD PLANE. HE WAS ALMOST ON *TOP* OF MIKE'S DEH-4 WHEN I *SAW* HIM...

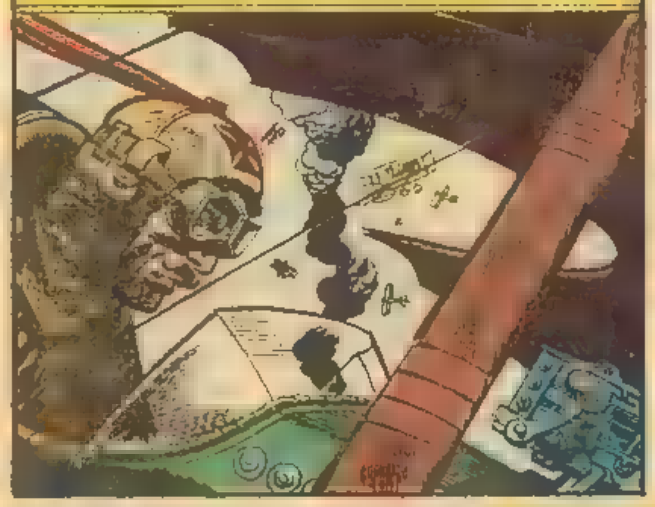


MY WARNING CRY WAS *FUTILE!* I SAW THE WHITE-HOT SPURTS FROM VON KREUSLING'S GUNS BEFORE HE PULLED OUT AND ZOOMED UP. I SAW MIKE'S SHIP SHUDDER AND THE FIRE EXPLODE ALL AROUND HIM...



COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN FLAMES, MIKE'S DEH-4 WENT INTO A SCREAMING SPIN AND I FOLLOWED THE "*FLAMING COFFIN*" DOWN UNTIL IT CRASHED BEHIND OUR LINES...

WE WERE TOO NUMBED WITH *GRIEF* TO FIGHT. THE JERRIES LET US ALONE AS WE CIRCLED AND HEADED BACK. THEY WERE *LETTING US GO* TO *BURY* WHAT WAS *LEFT* OF *MIKE*. THEY'D *KNOWN* WHO'D BEEN AT THE CONTROLS OF THAT DEH-4...

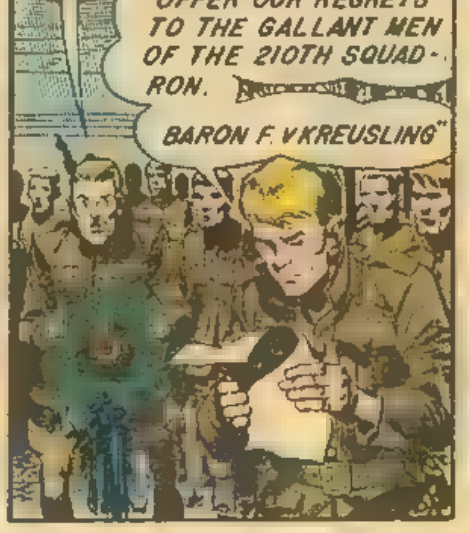


AN HOUR LATER, WE'D HUNG HIS CHARRED GOGGLES AND HELMET ON THE PROP-CROSS THAT MARKED HIS GRAVE...

...AND LATER, MIKE'S BEER MUG STOOD ON THE MANTLE WITH THE OTHERS...

WE WERE MOPING AROUND THE CANTEEN THAT NIGHT WHEN A LONE FOKKER BUZZED OUR AIRDROME. THE SEARCHLIGHTS BLINKED ON, KNIFING INTO THE BLACK...

IT SPIRALED DOWN, LANDING ON OUR STRIP...



I LOOKED UP AT THE SKY WHERE THE GERMAN FOKKER HAD DISAPPEARED...

BEING NEXT IN COMMAND, I FLEW TO PARIS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AND REPORTED TO A.E.F. H.Q.—

THE LOSS OF COLONEL PEPPER IS *UNFORTUNATE*, CAPTAIN CLARK... BUT THE *WAR GOES ON*. I HAVE A *NEW C.O.* IN MIND FOR YOUR SQUADRON. I WILL ISSUE HIS ORDERS IMMEDIATELY. HIS NAME IS *MAJOR FRANK WORTH*...

WHEN I BROUGHT THE NEWS ABOUT OUR NEW C.O. BACK TO THE 210TH, THE BOYS MUTTERED AND COMPLAINED...

THE MEN LINED UP SULLENLY ON THE LANDING STRIP TWO DAYS LATER AS MAJOR FRANK WORTH'S BRIGHT SHINY NEW SPAD LANDED. I SALUTED HIM SHARPLY... THEN SMILED AND EXTENDED MY HAND...

CAPTAIN LARRY CLARK, SIR! WELCOME TO THE 210TH...

NEVER MIND THE SOCIALITIES, CAPTAIN! LEAD ME TO MY QUARTERS...

WORTH'S ABRUPT MANNER ROCKED ME BACK ON MY HEELS, BUT I DID AS I WAS ORDERED. LATER, HE FACED ME ACROSS HIS DESK... HIS EYES COLD AND HARD... HIS VOICE, RASPING LIKE A FILE, ITS DELIVERY STACCATO, LIKE A MACHINE GUN...

I HAVE ONE JOB HERE, CAPTAIN! DESTROY THE ENEMY! KNOCK HIS PLANES OUT OF THE SKY! CRIPPLE HIS AERIAL DEFENSES! NOT SOME TIMES! EVERY TIME! NOT TOMORROW! NOW! TODAY! WE FLY IN AN HOUR, CAPTAIN! TELL THE MEN! DISMISSED.

Y-YES SIR...

I WENT BACK TO THE BOYS. I TOLD THEM...

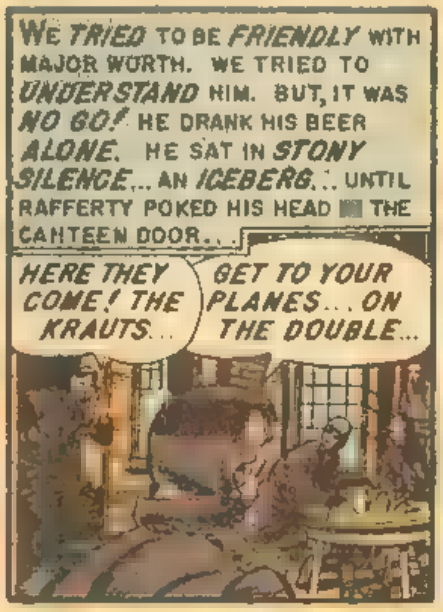
THE PARTY'S OVER, GENTLEMEN. MAJOR WORTH IS STRICTLY BUSINESS ...WAR BUSINESS! WE'RE GOING AFTER VON KREUSLING IN AN HOUR! AND THE WAY I FIGURE THE MAJOR, THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON!

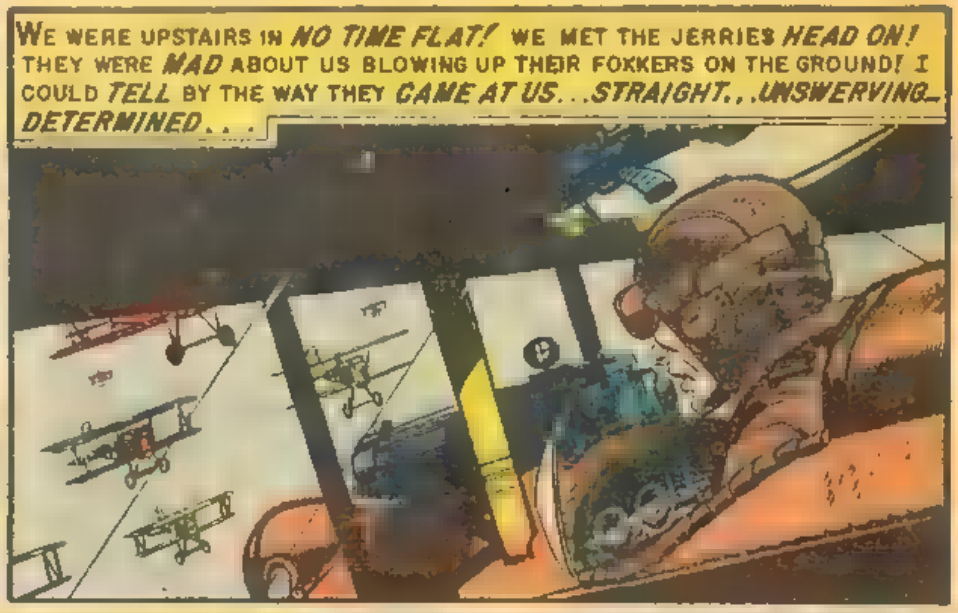
AND THINGS WERE DIFFERENT... VERY DIFFERENT. BEFORE OUR NEW C.O. TOOK OFF, HE ORDERED US TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD. WE OBEYED. WITH A SICK, GUILTY FEELING IN THE PIT OF OUR STOMACHS, WE FOLLOWED HIM TO JAGSTAFFEL II... INTO A SCREAMING DIVE. FIVE OF THE BARON'S FOKKERS SAT ON THE FIELD... LIKE BLACK SITTING DUCKS. WORTH WENT IN, HIS VICKERS BLAZING...

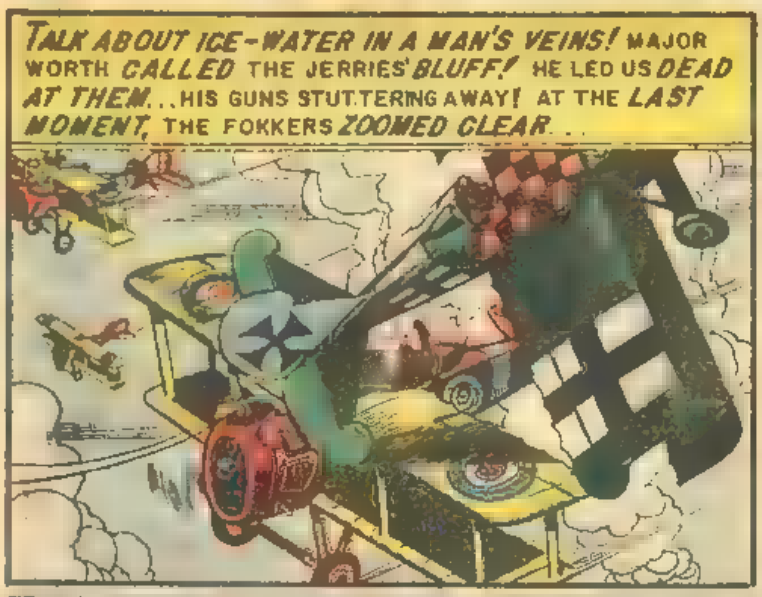
WE FOLLOWED, DISGUSTEDLY. WE STRAFFED THE GERMAN AIRDROME LEAVING A FLAMING WRECKAGE BEHIND US. THEN WE SCRAMMED OUT BEFORE THE JERRIES COULD GET INTO THE AIR...

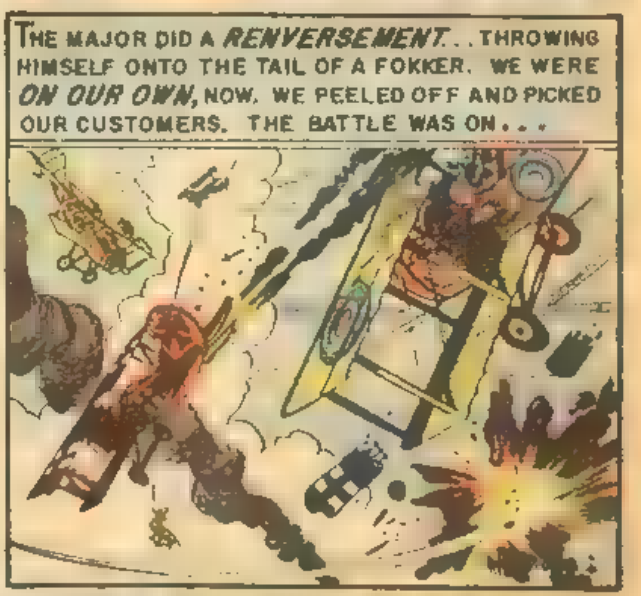
BACK AT THE 210TH AIRDROME, THE MAJOR GATHERED US TOGETHER FOR ANGRY, BARKING LECTURE...

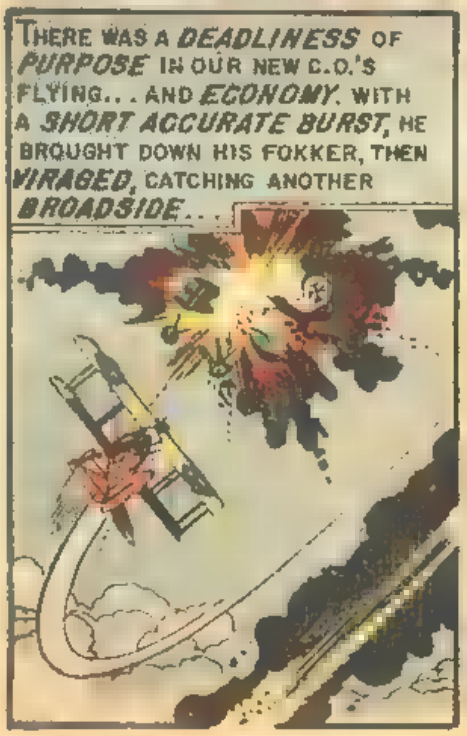
WE CAN COUNT ON THE ENEMY TO RETALIATE! BE READY FOR HIM! BE IN THE AIR BEFORE HE CAN REACH US! REMEMBER, WE'RE NOT PUTTING ON AN AERIAL BALLET UP THERE! THIS IS WAR! YOU'RE HERE TO DO A JOB! DO IT! KILL BOCHE! KILL 'EM!

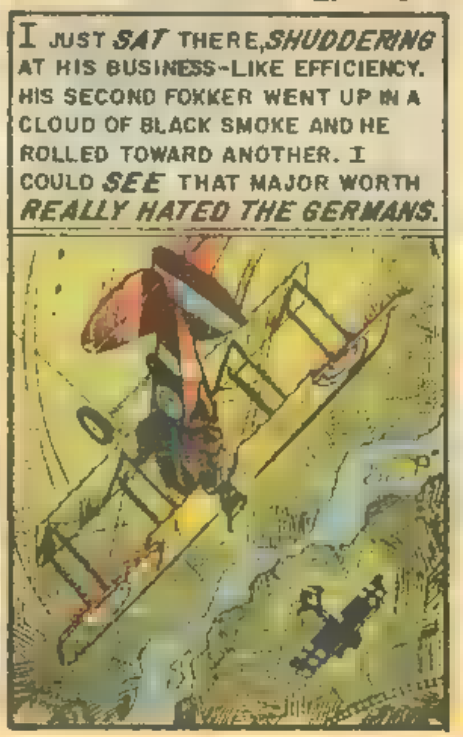

WE TRIED TO BE FRIENDLY WITH MAJOR WORTH. WE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND HIM. BUT, IT WAS NO GO! HE DRANK HIS BEER ALONE. HE SAT IN STONY SILENCE... AN ICEBERG... UNTIL RAFFERTY POKED HIS HEAD [redacted] THE CANTEEN DOOR...
HERE THEY COME! THE KRAUTS...
GET TO YOUR PLANES... ON THE DOUBLE...

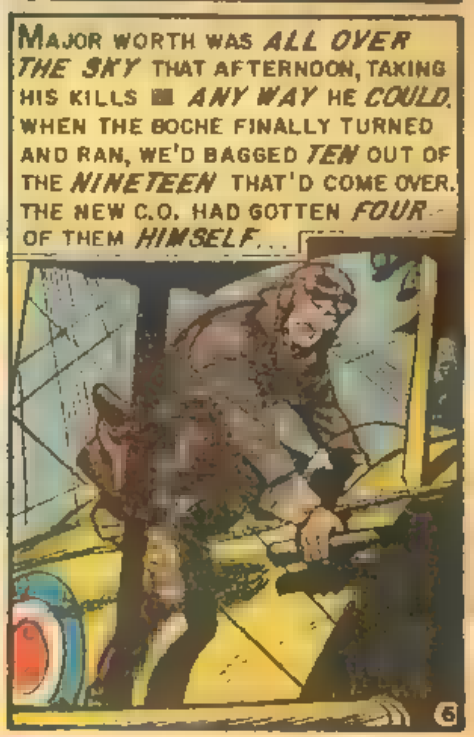

WE WERE UPSTAIRS IN NO TIME FLAT! WE MET THE JERRIES HEAD ON! THEY WERE MAD ABOUT US BLOWING UP THEIR FOKKERS ON THE GROUND! I COULD TELL BY THE WAY THEY CAME AT US...STRAIGHT...UNSWERVING... DETERMINED...


TALK ABOUT ICE-WATER IN A MAN'S VEINS! MAJOR WORTH CALLED THE JERRIES' BLUFF! HE LED US DEAD AT THEM...HIS GUNS STUTTERING AWAY! AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE FOKKERS ZOOMED CLEAR...


THE MAJOR DID A RENVERSEMENT...THROWING HIMSELF ONTO THE TAIL OF A FOKKER. WE WERE ON OUR OWN, NOW. WE PEELED OFF AND PICKED OUR CUSTOMERS. THE BATTLE WAS ON...


THERE WAS A DEADLINESS OF PURPOSE IN OUR NEW C.O.'S FLYING...AND ECONOMY. WITH A SHORT ACCURATE BURST, HE BROUGHT DOWN HIS FOKKER, THEN VIRAGED, CATCHING ANOTHER BROADSIDE...


I JUST SAT THERE, SHUDDERING AT HIS BUSINESS-LIKE EFFICIENCY. HIS SECOND FOKKER WENT UP IN A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE AND HE ROLLED TOWARD ANOTHER. I COULD SEE THAT MAJOR WORTH REALLY HATED THE GERMANS.


MAJOR WORTH WAS ALL OVER THE SKY THAT AFTERNOON, TAKING HIS KILLS [redacted] ANY WAY HE COULD. WHEN THE BOCHE FINALLY TURNED AND RAN, WE'D BAGGED TEN OUT OF THE NINETEEN THAT'D COME OVER. THE NEW C.O. HAD GOTTEN FOUR OF THEM HIMSELF...

BACK AT THE AIRDROME THAT EVENING, WE STOOD IN SILENCE AT THE CANTEEN BAR, FEELING *GUILTY* AND SOMEHOW *DIRTY*. WE'D FLOWN ON *KILLING MISSIONS!* WE'D *INFLICTED DEATH...WANTONLY!* THE *GALLANTRY*...THE *CHIVALRY* WAS *GONE!* WHEN MAJOR WORTH CAME IN, *WE TURNED OUR BACKS ON HIM*...

WELL, *THAT'S* MORE *LIKE IT!* A *GOOD DAY'S*...WORK...MEN...

WE *IGNORED* OUR C.O., NOT *ANSWERING* HIM. HE BARKED "*ATTENTION!*" AND WE FACED HIM AND SAW THAT HE WAS FLUSHED, HIS EYES BURNING WITH ANGER...

YOU MEN DON'T *LIKE* ME! YOU DON'T LIKE MY WAY OF *FIGHTING!* WELL, WHAT YOU THINK OF *ME* DOESN'T *MATTER!* WHAT YOU THINK OF THE *WAR* AND *OUR ENEMY DOES!*

YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING A *GAME* HERE! YOU AND THE BOCHE HAVE SOME STUPID SET OF *RULES* AND YOU BOTH *LIVE* AND *DIE* BY THEM! WELL, THERE'S *ANOTHER* WAR GOING ON...WITH *NO RULES*... EXCEPT *KILL OR BE KILLED!* IT'S THE WAR IN THE *TRENCHES*... A WAR OF *BLOOD* AND *BAYONETS* AND *SHRAPNEL* AND *MUD* AND *LICE* AND *FILTH*...

I *HATE* THAT WAR AND I HATE THE ENEMY THAT *FIGHTS* IT. YOUR *GALLANT BARON VON KREUSLING AND HIS MEN*...YOU MEET THEM *ONCE*...*TWICE*... MAYBE *THREE TIMES A WEEK!* BUT DO YOU *KNOW* WHAT HE AND HIS CIRCUS ARE *DOING* THE *REST* [redacted] THE TIME?

WE...WE NEVER GAVE IT MUCH *THOUGHT*, SIR!

THE MAJOR SNORTED, TURNED ON HIS HEELS, AND LEFT. BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AT DAYBREAK, HE HAD THE ENTIRE 210TH IN THE AIR. HE LED US *SOUTHWEST*...*LOW*...OVER THE *FRONT*... *OVER CHÂTEAU THIERRY*...AND *THE MARNE*...OVER *MEN* AND *TANKS* AND *TRUCKS* PUSHING *EAST*...

...AND THEN THE MAJOR WOBBLED HIS SPAD'S WINGS AND WE LOOKED AHEAD AND SAW *A DOZEN BLACK FOKKERS WITH YELLOW NOSES*. WE SAW THE '*CHIVALROUS*' *BARON FELIX VON KRUESLING AND HIS SQUADRON* ...*STRAFING TROOPS*...*KILLING*...*MAIMING*...*MOWING DOWN OUR HELPLESS BOYS ON THE GROUND*...

AND WHEN OUR C.O. WADED INTO THOSE JERRIES, WE FOLLOWED. WE DIDN'T *THINK* OF *GALLANTRY*, THEN...OR *CHIVALRY! ONLY KILLING! NOW*, WE *UNDERSTOOD* THE MAJOR. THE *GAME* WAS *OVER* FOR THE 210TH. WE WERE *AT WAR*... AND WE'D BEGUN TO KNOW *HATE!* FOR THAT'S HOW YOU *FIGHT* A WAR...*HATING*...'

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SAN MARINO — from the world's smallest and oldest republic you get 3 multi-colored airmail triangles!

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81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
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We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—*We Trust You!*

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. P-161
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET or RFD .....

TOWN ..... Zone .... STATE .....

SEND NO MONEY . . . *We Trust You!*

Tell Me What You Want Money For . . .

I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings, Has Helped Thousands Make Good Money!

EASY TO EARN $50 TO $150 AND MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else . . . just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just $1.00. This exciting bargain really *sells itself.* All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs $50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept. 306, Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐ .....

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

(If for a club, give its name below.)

.....

SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!

This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp, Christmas presents and spending money in general. *P.E., New York*

I made $21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them. *C.R.P., North Carolina*

STUART GREETINGS, INC.
4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept 306, Chicago 40, Ill.

You Practice SERVICING with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make $10, $15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.

"Made my first $100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than $10 a week, spare time."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.

BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete, is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make $10, $15 a week extra this way.

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Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5B01, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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- Always tired?
- Nervous?
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SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. *164N*, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

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"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
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- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
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- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
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- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.